

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 93.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1875.

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The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited, as also the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best Water Colour Painting, and the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best piece of Sculpture. Five Silver Medals and Five Bronze Medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art-Committee for award for special merit. No Work of Art which is not bona fide the property of the artist is eligible for a prize.

The Executive have instituted an Art Union, and prizes to the amount of £3000 will be distributed among Fellows and Season-Ticket Holders, and these prizes will be selected mainly from the Society's Galleries.

The Society will be PREPARED to RECEIVE WORKS OF ART on and after DEC. 10 next.

Intending exhibitors can obtain a copy of the rules and regulations on application to the Secretary of the Art Committee, Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

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PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alphonso XII, Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week ending DEC. 11, 1875.
TUESDAY, DEC. 7.—Shakspeare's "Tempest," with Sullivan's music.
THURSDAY, DEC. 9.—Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors."
SATURDAY, DEC. 11.—Concert.
Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.
ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING DEC. 6.
MONDAY.—Romah, the Great Athlete, and during Cattle Show Week.
TUESDAY.—Miss Lydia Thompson and her celebrated Company, in the very successful Burlesque BLUE BEARD.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY.—Romah.
SATURDAY.—Repetition of Handel's Oratorio ESTHER (by desire)—Madame Blanche Cole, Mlle. Enriquez, Mr. Wadmore, and Mr. Vernon Kirby. German Gymnastic Society's Grand Display.

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THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

("THE STIRRUP CUP")

WILL BE ISSUED ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18,

AND WILL COMPRIZE

A double-page reproduction, in Colours, of the well-known Drawing by the late JOHN LEECH,

ENTITLED

HUNTING IN THE HOLIDAYS,

AND

TWO SHEETS

OF

PICTURES, POEMS, TALES, SKETCHES, &c.

OF SPORT, ADVENTURE, AND THE DRAMA.

AMONGST THE PICTURES WILL BE FOUND THE FOLLOWING:—

A CHRISTMAS BENISON—"The Stirrup Cup." Drawn by Matt Stretch.

CHRISTMAS IN THE NURSERY—"Our Fairy Story." Drawn by Walter Morgan.

CHRISTMAS IN THE DRAWING-ROOM—"Amateur Theatricals." Drawn by Harry Furniss.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND—"The Stag of St. Hubert." Drawn by K. Bodmer.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE GUILD—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I—" Drawn by H. S. Marks, A.R.A.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE STUD—"A Morning Call." Drawn by J. Sturges.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COPSES—"A Night Encounter." Drawn by R. Cranston.

CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRE—"Mephisto behind the Scenes." By E. Gruetzner.

CHRISTMAS ON THE ICE—"A Lesson of Love." Drawn by Dower Wilson.

CHRISTMAS ON THE COAST—"Cut off by the Tide." Drawn by R. O. Murray.

CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE—"A Hunt for a Dinner." Drawn by R. H. Moore.

CHRISTMAS PIECE, for Private Representation.—"The Borough Member." Drawn by Wallis Mackay.

In a Coloured Wrapper, price 1s.; through the post, 1s. 2d.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington. The Seventy-Eighth Annual Show of Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Roots, and Implements OPENS on MONDAY, DEC. 6, at 2 o'clock. Admission, 6s.

CATTLE SHOW, MONDAY, DEC. 6, at 2 o'clock.

CATTLE SHOW, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, DEC. 7, 8, 9, 10, at 9 a.m. Admission, 1s.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Farce, in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton, A HAPPY MEDIUM, supported by Messrs. C. Warner, Everill, Weatherby; Miss Minnie Walton, Miss M. Harris, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron entitled MARRIED IN HASTE. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Special Notice.—Last weeks of MARRIED IN HASTE. This remarkably successful comedy must be withdrawn for the present, as Mr. Sothern's final performances at the Haymarket Theatre of his most popular characters (previous to his appearance in America) must commence on Boxing Night, Dec. 27. Morning Performance of MARRIED IN HASTE, Saturday next at 2.30. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.—Great Success of BUCKINGHAM, by W. G. Wills, author of "Charles I." Reappearance of Mr. Henry Neville as George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. First appearance at this theatre of Mr. Creswick as Oliver Cromwell. Prices as usual. Doors open, 6.30; FAMILY JARS, at 7; BUCKINGHAM, at 8.

L YCEUM.—MACBETH. — EVERY EVENING at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, TWO TO ONE. At 7.30, A LESSON IN LOVE—Messrs. Cox, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, T. Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, LOO—Messrs. Terry, Marius, Cox, &c.; Mesdames A. Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Hare.—At 8 (last four nights), A NINE DAYS' WONDER. Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Hollingshead; Mr. Kendal, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Catheart, and Mr. Hare. Preceded by A MORNING CALL—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. To conclude with UNCLE'S WILL—Miss Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal. THURSDAY, DEC. 9, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new and original Fairy Play, BROKEN HEARTS. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. Huy.

A L H A M B R A T H E A T R E.—Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE. SPECTACLES, a success unparalleled.—William Rignold, H. Walsham, J. H. Jarvis, Frank Hall, and Harry Paulton; Katherine Munro, Marion West, and Emma Chambers. The Majolitons, the Trois Diablos, in their astonishing performance, causing the utmost amount of amazement and enthusiasm. Splendid Band, conducted by M. Jacobi. Open at 6.45 nightly. ALHAMBRA.

A L H A M B R A.—THE FLOWER QUEEN.—NEW GRAND BALLET D'ACTION by M. LAURI. Magnificent Scenery by Albert Calcott. Gorgeous Costumes by Miss Fisher, from designs by Alfred Maltby. Novel Mechanical Effect by Stoman and Son. MUSICAL PITTIERI, PERTOLDI, and upwards of One Hundred Corps de Ballet Music selected, arranged, and composed by M. JACOBI.

S A N G E R S' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—AMPHITHEATRE, divided only by Westminster Bridge from the Houses of Parliament. Who would have imagined four years ago that in such a short space of time the dingy, ill-constructed theatre known as Astley's, now Sangers' Grand National Amphitheatre, would have been converted into the most comfortable and magnificent theatre in the world?—yet such is the fact.

S A N G E R S' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—EVERY EVENING during the week and until further notice, the great spectacle, MAZEPPO; or, the Wild Horse of Tartary. SPECIAL PROGRAMME for the CATTLE SHOW WEEK. That charming actress, Miss Lisa Weber, as Mazeppa. Unquestionable treat in the great Holloway and the funny Little Sandy at each representation. It is childish bravado and shows the weakness of the management of any equestrian troupe, either in England or on the Continent, to claim even equality with this Leviathan Establishment. Don't forget that Holloway and Sandy appear only with this great Circus Company.—Box-office open daily, from 10 till 4 o'clock. No charge for booking, and no fees for officials. Private Boxes, 1s. to 5s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Pit Stalls and Boxes, 2s.; Upper Circle, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.—Sole Proprietors, J. and G. SANGER.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE.—Park

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KING MORVAN.—FROM THE PICTURE IN THE FRENCH SALON.

"KING MORVAN."

THE picture, "Le Roi Morvan," which appeared this year in the French Salon, and of which we present an Engraving on another page, is by M. Laminais, and represents the Abbé Witchar, who has been sent by Louis le Débonnaire to intercede for peace with King Morvan, in the act of using all those subtle arguments which unfortunately failed to bring about the desired cessation of hostilities. Vainly the skilful ambassador appeals to the King's sentiments of humanity, vainly he pours forth his eloquence and descents on the innumerable blessings of peace. He has counted without his host, for the Queen is there, "une ame Vénérable et perfide," as the old French chronicler records. As fast as the King, half convinced by the eloquent pleadings of Witchar, appears to be relenting, the enchantress, who knows her own power, spares nothing that she may turn the tide of victory in her own favour. She fondles the hands of her Royal spouse, she kisses his face and beard, appeals to his courage already displayed in the field, the blood that has been shed, his gallant companions who have fallen fighting by his side, and presses her arguments so beseechingly and so caressingly on the King that he wavers—and yields.

Witchar returns to his master with the following laconic report of his mission:—

"The war must go on, King Morvan's wife will have it so."

The Drama.

THE dramatic interest of the week centred in Mr. W. G. Wills's new historical play "Buckingham," which was produced, on Monday evening, at the Olympic, on the occasion of the annual benefit of Mr. Henry Neville, who reappeared after his severe illness and sustained the principal character, George Villiers, last Duke of Buckingham of that name; Mr. Creswick appearing as Cromwell, Mr. Haywell as Lord Fairfax, Mr. Odell as Buckingham's faithful adherent Traylman, Mr. Vollaire as the Parliamentary Colonel Hip-and-Thigh, Miss Fanny Enson as Lady Mary Fairfax, and Miss Golierie as Cromwell's daughter, Lady Elizabeth. The demand for places for Monday evening was so great that the benefit had to be extended to the performances of the following evening.

Two other novelties were produced, but too late for notice in this week's Number—the grand fairy and musical spectacle of *The White Cat*, with which Mr. Mayer was to reopen the Queen's Theatre on Thursday; and a new piece of whimsicality, by Mr. Reece, described as "a new nautical nightmare," and entitled *Toole at Sea*, announced for production at the Gaiety last night, in succession to *Off the Line*. The former of these, *The White Cat*, has been one of the recent enormous successes in Paris, where it was represented for upwards of five hundred and forty nights, and was reproduced at the Queen's with all the splendour of costumes, ballets, scenery, and elaborate stage display of the original. The English adaptation is by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, the music by Emelie Jonas, and the principal characters are partitioned to Miss Rose Massey, Mdlle. Fanchetta (late of the Globe), Annie Beauchere, Clara Vaughan, and Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, Perrini, Worboys, &c.

Two revivals have also to be recorded—*La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Royalty on Monday; and *Our Card Basket* (by the late Shirley Brooks), which replaced Mr. Burnand's *Old China* at Mr. German Reed's entertainment on Wednesday evening.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Wednesday, among numerous special entertainments given in celebration of the birthday of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, Mr. J. L. Toole appeared as Simmons in the *Spitalfields Weaver*, and as Paul Pry in Poole's comedy, supported by the Gaiety Company. On Thursday Mr. Byron's comedy, *Weak Woman*, was performed by Mrs. Swanborough's company from the Strand Theatre.

Morning performances take place to-day—

At the Gaiety matinée, *Henry VIII.*, for the last time.

At the Haymarket, *Married in Haste*.

At the Criterion the third representation of Gollmick's comic opera, *Donna Constanza*.

For to-night the only two events announced are the opening for the winter season of Hengler's Grand Cirque, in Argyle-street, and Miss Ada Swanborough's benefit at the Strand, where Mr. C. S. Cheltnam's three-act comedy, *A Lesson in Love* (originally played by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. F. Robinson, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews), will be produced, followed by *Loo; or, the Party who took Miss*, in which Miss Angelina Claude has resumed during the week her original part of Bagatelle.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"BUCKINGHAM."

It is very questionable if Mr. W. G. Wills's new historical play, *Buckingham*—produced here on Monday evening, on the occasion of Mr. Henry Neville's benefit—will have the same hold upon the favour and sympathies of the public as the author's previous work, *Charles I.* It is written in a loftier strain of heroic poetry and eloquence. The story and incidents are much more melodramatic, which quality also characterises the several fine situations skilfully contrived by the dramatist; but there is nothing in the new play to compare with the idyllic domestic picture in the first act of the Lyceum drama, nor with the deeply touching and intensely tender parting between Charles and his Queen in the last act; both of which so moved and enchanted the sympathies of the audiences. The plot, however, of *Buckingham*, is deeply interesting, and well and dramatically developed through three of the four acts into which it is divided—the second act being almost an interruption to the progress of the action, which commences immediately after Cromwell's victory at Worcester. The first act opens at Buckingham's seat in Yorkshire, where the Duke arrives, unaware that the house is already in possession of the Parliamentary soldiers, headed by Lord Fairfax and Cromwell himself, for the purpose of capturing King Charles, who is about taking refuge there. Buckingham only learns, at the last moment, from Lady Mary Fairfax, with whom he is in love, the exact state of affairs, and as the King is approaching the house fires a pistol out of the window to warn his Majesty of his danger. The King takes the signal and drives away. Cromwell is enraged at the escape, and is about to order the Duke to be executed. Through the advice and intervention of Fairfax, Cromwell spares his life, but orders him into banishment. The second act takes place in London, where Buckingham appears disguised, first as a quack doctor, and then as a Puritan, but eventually betrays himself by drinking the health of the fugitive King, and again falls into the hands of Cromwell. The third act is the most dramatic of all. Here, at Whitehall, Cromwell's daughter Elizabeth pleads to him for the life of Buckingham, and amazes her father by confessing that she deeply loves the chivalrous Cavalier. Moved by his daughter's entreaties, Cromwell offers the Duke his life on condition of his wedding his daughter. Buckingham consents, and then induces Lady Elizabeth to allow Lady Mary Fairfax to take her place at the altar. The ladies exchange dresses and veils,

and Lady Mary Fairfax is married to the Duke. Cromwell, after the ceremony, removes the veil of the bride, and, discovering that he has been duped, sends Buckingham to the Tower, to pine in solitude as long as his daughter should grieve in her unrequited love, and to be executed when she should die. In the last act Lady Elizabeth is dead, Cromwell is dying, his last act of authority being the signing of the warrant for Buckingham's execution. Here ensue several stirring scenes—the remorse and mental wanderings of the dying Cromwell, the pathetic interview between Buckingham and his wife, before mounting the scaffold, and the death of the Protector—proclaimed just in time for the pardon obtained by the Duchess from Richard Cromwell to take effect, and Buckingham is saved. The leading characters are well supported, Mr. Henry Neville gives a noble, frank, and chivalrous rendering of the hero, George Villiers; Mr. Creswick acts with artistic force and impressiveness as Cromwell; Mr. Odell and Mr. Vollaire gave characteristic effectiveness to their embodiments of Buckingham's servant, Thomas Traylman, and the Parliamentary officer, Colonel Hip-and-Thigh. The ladies' parts of Lady Mary Fairfax and Lady Elizabeth Cromwell were carefully sustained by Miss Fanny Enson and Miss Golierie.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—An unusually good amateur performance was given here on Thursday, the 18th ult., by the Betterton Dramatic Club. This club, which has now been established some time, has of late greatly improved; new blood has been added to it, and the general tone of its acting is decidedly better, though at the present performance we must confess that the stage management seemed to us less perfect than of old. We fancy that the rehearsals must have been either less frequent or less careful. The pieces chosen were *The Bachelor of Arts*—not a very good play for amateurs—and *The Postboy*, one of Mr. Craven's earlier (and weaker) domestic dramas. In the first piece Mr. Lewis Lewis played the principal part well and carefully; there was no particular originality about the performance, and his pronunciation was occasionally a little at fault; but, on the whole, his Harry Jasper was a very good one. Mr. Byron's *Andrew Wylie* was an exceedingly clever bit of character-acting: towards the end, the assumed voice was not perfectly sustained, but the entire performance showed much original talent and honest hard work. Mr. Herbert Tree's *Thornton* wanted finish and consistency; Messrs. Sanderson and Light played minor parts fairly. Miss Mellish is in every way a great improvement on the ladies who have hitherto taken part in the "Betterton" performances; as the pretty school-girl she was extremely naive and charming. In the *Post-Boy*, Miss Mellish showed some want of power, and her voice was, perhaps, too uniformly plaintive; but her sweet and expressive face, her refinement and tenderness, carried her through. In this piece, Mr. F. Chester's Sir John Bingley was not at all bad; and, but for a tendency to hesitation, Mr. Holder would have been very good as Edward Bingley. Mr. Light was funny as Fubbs, but his fun was too intentional. Old Joe Spurrit, the hero of the piece, as played by Mr. Harry Proctor, was throughout the first act perhaps the very best bit of amateur acting we ever saw; Mr. Proctor's action is too jerky, and his pathos perhaps a little hard, but his vigour, picturesqueness, and finish can hardly be overpraised. In the second act he forgot his dialect, and occasionally fell into an imitation of Mr. Toole; but we can hardly expect of an amateur absolute consistency throughout a long and trying part. On the whole, this last performance of the Betterton Dramatic Club was one of which its members may be proud.

MR. BYRON'S comedy, *Married in Haste*, can only be played till Christmas at the Haymarket, as Mr. Sothern returns there on Boxing Night to appear in a series of final performances of his most popular characters previous to his departure to fulfil his engagement in America.

A MORNING performance of *Little Em'ly* will take place at the Adelphi next Wednesday.

The first morning performance of *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville will take place next Saturday, the 11th inst.

MR. JOSEPH K. EMMET is specially engaged at the Philharmonic Theatre for three weeks, commencing on Boxing Night, to give farewell performances of *Fritz, Our Cousin German*, previous to his departure for Australia.

MISS ADA CAYENDISH, who is now playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, will, during her present engagement there, produce and sustain the principal part—that of the intriguing governess—in a new drama by Mr. Wilkie Collins, entitled *Miss Gwilt*, and founded on his novel "Armadale." Mr. Arthur Cecil is engaged by Miss Cavendish for the part of the Doctor.

It is said that Mr. Alfred Wigan will return to the stage for a short series of representations of his leading assumptions, under the management of Mr. John Hollingshead.

MR. CHARLES MORTON is likely to resume his management of the Opéra Comique early in January, when Mr. Burnand removes to the Mirror.

A NEW DRAMA by Mr. Farjeon will be the next novelty at the Olympic.

MR. TOM TAYLOR's play *Anne Boleyn* will be produced at the Haymarket next month.

A SPECIAL day performance in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund will take place at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday next, when Miss Helen Faust (Mrs. Theodore Martin) will once more return to the stage for this occasion, and sustain the part of Iolanthe, the blind Princess, in her husband's translation of Henrik Hertz's Danish drama, *King René's Daughter*. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will also appear in *My Uncle's Will*, and Mr. J. L. Toole as Simmons, in the *Spitalfields Weaver*.

The second morning performance of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum will take place next Saturday, the 11th inst.

A MORNING performance in aid of a testimonial to the late Mr. George Belmore is being organised to take place on Wednesday week, the 15th inst., at Drury-Lane Theatre, which has been generously placed at the disposal of the committee by Mr. F. B. Chatterton.

HER MAJESTY the Queen of Denmark, with their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Thyra, attended the performance at Drury-Lane Theatre on Thursday week, and were present at the Opéra Comique the following evening.

CROYDON THEATRE ROYAL.—Notwithstanding a reproof from the old ladies on the bench in the "dear old sporting peers," Mr. Harry Taylor has been not only able to prove to the powers that be that he is not "a mere boy," but that he can place on the boards of the Croydon Theatre a series of plays that will draw a hearty audience. During the past week an excellent company have presented *The Green Bushes*, and sundry farces of a rather more than less roaring character. The present frost, which has so materially interfered with the Croydon Autumn Meeting, has in no way proved a "frost" in the Croydon Theatre.

A VALUABLE addition to the history of the English drama is in preparation, under the name of "An Old Woman's Gossip," by Fanny Kemble. Mrs. Kemble, who is at present living near Philadelphia, has already published four numbers of this record of her life in the *Atlantic Monthly Review*.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Friday last the Sacred Harmonic Society gave the first concert of their season 1875-6 at Exeter Hall. The works selected for the occasion were Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* and Mozart's *Requiem*. These popular masterpieces are so well known that it is unnecessary to expatiate on their merits or characteristics. The artists selected for the principal parts were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Wadmore; but, owing to a misapprehension as to the order of the performance, Miss Jessie Jones did not arrive in time to take part in the *Hymn of Praise*, and her portion of the music was sung at very short notice by Mrs. Thaddeus Wells, who acquitted herself, under the circumstances, remarkably well. The choruses were finely sung, and there can be no doubt that the Sacred Harmonic Society has secured an exceptionally strong as well as numerous body of voices, the only portion of the choir which on Friday last seemed unequal to the rest in body of tone being the altos. The most effective part of the whole performance was the chorale "Let all men praise the Lord," which produced a sublime effect. In the great choruses of Mozart's *Requiem* the choir was equally successful, notably in the "Dies ira," in which the phrase "Quantus tremor est futurus" was sung with remarkably fine effect by the basses. The pianissimo singing of the choir was very impressive—more so, indeed, than their fortissimo singing; and on this account we should have preferred a different rendering of the final "Amen" at the close of the chorus "Lacrymosa dies illis." The line runs "Pie Jesu Domine, dona nobis requiem. Amen." On this occasion the choir were made to declaim the "Amen" with a fortissimo whose suddenness, as well as power, produced a startling and somewhat theatrical effect. It is probable that a somewhat more impressive result would have been attained had the sentiment of the words been consulted, and had the choir been made to sing the "Amen" in that subdued whisper which is always so thrilling when given forth by a large body of voices. To those, however, who may think that powerful emphasis was more appropriate in this place the choral effect must have been eminently satisfactory. The orchestra appears to be fully equal to that of last year. M. Sington still leads the violins, and many well-known solo-players resume their places as *chefs d'attaque*—aided by a large body of professional and amateur instrumentalists—while the great organ (an orchestra in itself) is again intrusted to the zealous hands of Mr. Willing. Whether it be really advantageous to the interpretation of oratorios and analogous compositions that so enormous a combination of powers should be concentrated in such a space as that afforded by Exeter Hall, may be open to question. Occasionally—when organ, band, and chorus are at their loudest—the effect is almost deafening. The brass instruments in the orchestra are generally too predominant; and this defect was observable in the symphony to the *Hymn of Praise*, which was otherwise well played. Respecting the solo vocalists above named, it is only necessary to say that they did their work well, and obtained well-deserved applause. Sir Michael Costa retains his position as conductor, in which capacity he stands above all rivalry. His readings may not always meet with universal approval; but there can be no question of his rare gifts as an interpreter of great composers or of his sympathetic influence with musical executives. He was received with the applause which was his due. The hall was crowded.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

On Saturday last the ninth Saturday concert of the present season was given at the Crystal Palace, when the following programme was performed:—

1. Concert Overture in E (MS.)	Wingham.
(First time at these Concerts.)	
2. Duo, "Giorno d'orrore" ("Semiramide")	Rossini.
Mdlles. Carlotto and Antonietta Badia.	
3. Sinfonia Eroica	Beethoven.
4. Air, "The Lord is very pitiful" ("St. Peter")	Benedict.
Mr. Edward Lloyd.	
5. Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in F (No. 4)	Handel.
Orchestration and Cadenzas by M. Mortier de Fontaine.	
(His first appearance.)	
6. Duo, "I Pescatori"	Mdlles. Badia.
Manzocchi.	
7. Song, "The Fisher Maiden"	Meyerbeer.
Mr. Edward Lloyd.	
8. Solos for Pianoforte—	
Kreisleriana, No. 8 (op. 16)	Schumann.
Menuetto espresso	Sterndale Bennett.
Sonata in G	Scarlatti.
M. Mortier de Fontaine.	
9. Overture, "Tannhäuser"	Wagner.
Mr. Wingham's overture is a well-written work, cleverly instrumented, and was received with much applause. The famous "Sinfonia Eroica" of Beethoven was the central point of interest; and it is only just to say that a more splendid performance of this noble work it would be impossible to conceive. At the conclusion the applause was prolonged until Mr. Manns came forward and bowed the thanks of the orchestra and himself. The "Concerto" of Handel is the fourth of "Six Concertos for the Harpsichord or Organ," published under Handel's sanction in 1738, and for a long time past used exclusively as organ concertos. M. Mortier de Fontaine, the well-known pianist, has undertaken to score the fourth concerto for orchestra, and his scoring is particularly clever and ingenious. The concerto comprises an "Allegro," "Andante," and "Allegro;" and after the first and second of these movements M. Mortier de Fontaine introduced cadenzas, composed by himself. They had little relation to the concerto, but were admirably adapted to their obvious object—the display of those executive powers for which M. de Fontaine has long been celebrated. The first cadenza was not only difficult, but possessed musical interest; the second was little more than a mass of mechanical difficulties, which were surmounted with perfect ease. We think this Handel concerto better suited to the organ than to the pianoforte, but must acknowledge the ability with which M. de Fontaine has accomplished the task of fitting it for performance as an addition to the somewhat limited repertory of concertos possessed by pianists. The overture to <i>Tannhäuser</i> , which concluded the concert, was played superbly. The vocal music was well executed by the Mdlles. Badia and Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Manns merits great praise for his able conducting.	
PART II.	
Quartet, in A minor, two violins, viola, and violoncello	Schubert.
Songs, { "Auf der Wanderschaft"	Mendelssohn.
"Wen ich fröhlich in dem Garten geh"	Schumann.
Sonata, in A minor, pianoforte	Mozart.
PART III.	
Sonata, in E flat, op. 12 (No. 3), pianoforte and violin	Beethoven.
Songs, { "Schlummerlied"	Bach.
Quartet, in B flat, op. 76 (No. 4), two violins, viola, and violoncello	Schubert.
	Haydn.

The two quartets were played by Madame Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Pezze, and both went splendidly. The exquisite tenderness and beauty of the Schubert quartet were sympathetically developed by Madame Néruda, who is seldom heard to such advantage as in music of this poetical kind. This gifted artiste also rendered valuable service in the Beethoven sonata; the pianoforte part being played in finished style by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who also displayed her taste and technical skill in a fine performance of the Mozart sonata. The vocalist was Mdlle. Friedlander, who made a success in the quaint song by Bach, which is likely to become popular. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist.

At the Saturday Concert at St. James's Hall this day, at three p.m., Raff's trio in C minor will be presented for the first time. The pianiste will be Madame Essipoff, who will also play at the Popular Concert on Monday next.

The Carl-Rosa Opera Company will this evening conclude their season at Manchester, and will appear on Monday next at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, which was a comparative failure recently in London, has been successful at Manchester, and will be produced at Dublin.

Messrs. Gatti's benefit, on Monday last, at Covent Garden Theatre, claims a passing word of notice, as being the final performance of the long series of promenade concerts which have been spiritedly conducted by these gentlemen during the late autumn. They have gained the full confidence of the public, and may anticipate a successful season next year.

The STIRLING CHORAL SOCIETY.—This flourishing society will perform Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*, on the 30th inst., when Mr. Charles E. Allum will conduct a wonderfully strong orchestra of fifty performers, and be assisted by Mdlle. Johanna Levier, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mr. William Shakespeare, and Signor Foli.

DEATH OF MDLLE. DEJAZET.

MDLLE. DEJAZET is dead. The gifted actress expired in Paris on Wednesday last. Her funeral takes place to-day, and will, doubtless, be the occasion of a gathering of artistic and literary celebrities such as Paris has not witnessed for some time. Our readers may remember that we gave a lifelike portrait of Pauline Virginie Déjazet, and representations of her most famous characters, in the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS for Oct. 17, 1874. Mdlle. Déjazet was born at Paris in 1793, and appeared, at five years of age, at the Théâtre des Capucines in *Fanchon Toute Seule*. After engagements at the Vaudeville and other theatres, and after playing before the Allied Sovereigns on their entry into Paris in 1815, she starred the provinces in 1817. In 1821 she was at the Gymnase, and afterwards, at the Nouveautés, made a great hit in *Bonaparte à Brienne*, representing the young military student with great success. From 1831 to 1844 she was at the Palais Royal, achieving great popularity, and for the next five years was at the Gaîté. After some provincial tours and a visit to London she reappeared in Paris at the Variétés, and in 1859 became manager of the Folies Nouvelles, which thereupon took her name. Here she had great success. At the end of 1868 she took her first communion, but this was not the signal, as was expected, for her quitting the stage. In March, 1869, she was allowed a pension of 2000£ from the Emperor's household. During the war she came to London and appeared at the Charing Cross and Opéra Comique. In the autumn of last year she had a benefit at the Française, all the leading actors and actresses of Paris performing for and with her, and offering her their homage at the close, while fabulous sums were paid for places. A little later she played at the Vaudeville, taking the part of a young man, the rôle in which she was most successful. She must then have been the oldest performer on any stage in the world, yet her dancing and singing strangely belied her years. M. Sardou owes to her his introduction to the stage, she having accepted his *Pattes de Mouche* in July, 1861. Three hundred francs was the modest price paid for this work.

SIR JOHN.

THERE are few faces so well known among the habitués of Newmarket as that of "the Mate," a sketch of whom, recently taken at Newmarket, appears on another page.

Sir John Astley is no feather-bed sportsman. Whether at Hurlingham holding his own with most of the best performers there and backing his own gun with fair success, or cantering across the Heath from the Birdcage down to the Bushes to spot the Cambridgeshire winner, at all sports Sir John is ever *facile princeps*; and, we might add, has been so from the days when he handled the willow in the playing fields at Eton down to the present time. He has been not only a keen and appreciative sportsman in the foregoing sense, but he has claims to be considered an athlete of no mean order, having performed at various times over the running-track with a great amount of success. Among other pedestrian feats, it is recorded of him that, in 1856, he one day carried off four cups at different distances—one at 200 yards in heavy marching order; one at 150, another at 100, and, lastly, over a quarter of a mile. His racing career is comparatively recent, and is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to give it detailed reference. Among the various horses he has owned Ostreger and Actaea were perhaps the most famous. With the former he won many important races, the last of which was the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood in 1867, prior to which race Colonel Astley had sold him to the Austrian Government for £3000. It is said that after the race the Colonel absolutely cried at having to part with the horse, and vainly offered the Austrian Commissioner £2000 to be let off his bargain. Actaea, as will be remembered, was a runner-up in both the October Handicap and the Cesarewitch in 1866, and, in consequence of her comparatively inglorious displays in those races, her claims to consideration in the Cambridgeshire were persistently ignored by the clever ones. She, however, falsified all predictions by winning the latter race very easily.

Sir John of late years has turned his attention more to horse-breeding than racing, and has a carefully and well selected stud, of which Broomielaw is the sire.

Sir John is the son of Sir Francis Astley, of Everleigh, in Wilts, one of the oldest families in England, and one which has boasted some most distinguished representatives.

He was born in 1828, and was educated at Eton, and Christ-church, Oxford, subsequently obtaining a commission in the Scots Fusilier Guards, with which regiment he went through the Crimean campaign, being wounded at the Alma, and afterwards present both at Inkerman and at the taking of Sebastopol. He attained the rank of Colonel in 1857; and the following year married the only daughter of Mr. Corbet, of Elsham Hall, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire, where he now resides.

Sir John is getting somewhat corpulent now, and requires a good stout cob to carry him through a long day at Newmarket. We are happy to say, however, that there is no fear that he will ever fail to put in an appearance for want of that desideratum.

In 1872, in *Baily's Magazine*, a writer, speaking of Sir John (then Colonel) Astley, truly remarks:—

"To see Newmarket without Colonel and Mrs. Astley would be strange indeed. An accomplished horsewoman, and sharing in her husband's love for that sport which can be enjoyed at Newmarket as it can nowhere else, Mrs. Astley is a familiar figure among the *habitues* of the Heath. Long may they both continue. Popularity is but a vain thing, and the world in a general way sets up idols and often as quickly pulls them down. But we think Colonel Astley will be popular and his memory cherished as long as frank and manly bearing is appreciated by Englishmen, and the possession of genial wit and humour a passport to the good word of men."

With these words we may appropriately bring this brief notice to a conclusion.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE SHOW.

The cattle are having their annual innings. How excellent the Manchester Show was we described at length last week. Birmingham has followed suit; but the twenty-seventh exhibition of fat cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry cannot be pronounced equal to those of former years. The entries in the cattle classes numbered only 119—thirty-three less than last year. This falling off is, there can be no doubt, due to the prevailing cattle plague, and to the rule which has prevented animals from appearing at the Agricultural Hall if they have been exhibited within a month at any other show. Messrs. Elkington's handsome challenge cup—the prize of the show—was gained by the well-shaped heifer bred by Mr. N. Stratton, of Duffryn, Monmouthshire; and the same beast won the first prize in the class, the special prize of £100 for the best short-horn, and the president's prize of £25. The first prize and the special prize of £100 for the best Hereford were awarded to Mr. Robert Wartley, Suffield Hall, Aylsham, Norfolk, for his fine ox. Her Majesty won a third prize for a compact Devon ox; but the first prize and the special £50 prize in the class went to Captain Taylor, Priesthams, Eastbourne. The Queen also gained a second prize for a Devon cow, the first going to Mr. Jeffreys, Upton Lovell, Bath.

The Scotch breeds were a small show, but uniformly good in quality. In the class for polled oxen or steers of any age Messrs. J. and W. Martin, Newmarket, Aberdeen, took first and second prizes with a couple of fine animals, which occupied the same position at Manchester, and again defeated Mr. M'Combie. The sheep, likewise, were short in number. Mr. Morrison won both prizes for Hants and Wilts Downs; Mr. Nock carried off first honours in the Shropshires; and the Duke of Portland was victor in the cross-breeds. Birmingham made amends with the pig show, in which Mr. J. Smith, of Henley-in-Arden, and the Earl of Ellesmere were the leading prize-winners; and with the poultry show, there being no less than 2490 coops and cages, and many of the ducks and turkeys especially being of splendid growth.

Canine Notes.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

THE sixteenth annual exhibition of sporting and other dogs at Birmingham was opened to the public on Monday last, the 29th, and three following days, the awards having been delivered *in camera* on the preceding Saturday. Before attempting to criticise the decisions of the judges we wish to call the serious attention of our readers to the treatment which the London press received at the hands of the officials connected with the management of the show. In doing so, we may state that the management of the exhibition is vested in a committee, who are in their turn represented by their secretary, one Mr. George Beech. To this gentleman we applied by letter for permission to be present at the judging, and in reply received the pass we asked for. Armed with this authority, duly signed by Mr. Beech, we presented ourselves at the doors of the Curzon Hall on Saturday morning. Here we were met by a policeman, who informed us it was no good trying to get in, as no one was to be admitted. Naturally astonished, we asked him to take our credentials and his own pass to Mr. Beech, who returned a curt reply to the effect that he would not admit us until twelve o'clock. Of course, under the circumstances, there was only one course to be followed, and that was to submit to the indignity; and therefore we, in company with the representatives of four other London journals, were forced to return to the place whence we came until the hour capriciously fixed upon by the secretary had arrived. On gaining admittance to the show we were joined by the representative of the *Sporting Gazette*, who explained to us that an official connected with the show had informed him that they did not intend providing the press with catalogues until half-past five o'clock, as they were afraid some of the gentlemen would abuse the privilege if they did so, and sell the copyright for twenty pounds to some local printer. Could anything have been more insulting than such a speech as this? Yes, something more insulting, we are credibly informed, did take place; and what it was our readers shall know. At a dinner which took place at the Queen's Hotel on the same evening, and to which the representatives of the London press were not invited, the chairman, we are told by some gentlemen who were present, in proposing the health of the press, alluded to the fact (!) that the London press had not had the courtesy to either accept or decline an invitation they had received to attend the dinner, and expressed his opinion of their conduct in strong terms. To this we can reply, shortly and simply, that the chairman was, to use a very mild expression, incorrect in his assertions, for, at a meeting of the representatives of the London journals, held at the Queen's Hotel on the following morning, at which were present the representatives of the *Field*, the *Sporting Gazette*, the *Fanciers' Gazette*, the *Country*, the *Agricultural Gazette*, and the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, the truth of the above statement was emphatically denied by every gentleman present, and a letter was drawn up and signed by the chairman demanding apologies for the insults offered to the above-mentioned journals through their representatives. And thus the matter for the present rests. Now, we have not waded once more through the above unpleasant subject merely for the purpose of airing our own especial grievances; but we wish to ask our readers who either are exhibitors or are thinking of becoming such, whether they consider their interests are protected by the behaviour of Mr. Geo. Beech? There are two broad but different grounds for replying in the negative—1st, would not the presence of the press effectually put an obstacle in the way of any of the alleged collusions that occasionally are said to take place between judges and exhibitors?—and, secondly, how can reporters fairly judge between the merits of different dogs unless they have equal facilities for doing so with the judges? Plenty of lovers of the dog live at a distance, and cannot visit the various shows, and these eagerly read the various accounts that appear in the papers, and will, therefore, we are confident, disagree with Mr. George Beech's ideas of good management. If Mr. Beech finds himself unequal to the successful management of a show, why not obtain the services of a more competent man? At Hull there were half as many dogs in a third

of the space, and there was no confusion, and Mr. Hellewell gained the thanks of the press and exhibitors alike for the excellent arrangements he made. At Nottingham the press were admitted to the judging, and we have not heard that any of the body sold the copyright of the catalogue. Why should there be bungling at Birmingham when it does not appear elsewhere? If Mr. George Beech is unable to do his duty the committee had better get some other gentleman who can control the felonious copyright-lifting propensities of the press without depriving exhibitors of their just right to be represented at the judging.

Owing to the pressure upon our space we shall in the present Number only draw attention to the non-sporting dogs, reserving our comments upon the larger division of sporting dogs until next week. Class 67, champion mastiffs, had three entries, consisting of Mr. Paul Aspinall's Punch, Mr. Elwell's Taurus, and the Rev. W. J. Mellor's Turk. The cup was awarded by Mr. Edgar Hanbury to Taurus; but with this decision we do not agree, as Turk was in good condition, and, though not quite as young as he has been, is still a better specimen of the breed than Taurus is or ever will be. The next class, for champion bitches, though containing but one single entry—Peeress—was one of the features of the exhibition; and it was a fruitful source of inquiry how such an animal ever qualified for the position she was in. True, she was alone in the class; but to be there at all she must have previously won a first-prize at Birmingham, and her success on that occasion doubtless tempted her to appear again now. Peeress has white legs and a white blaze and collar, the remaining portions of her body being a washy fawn; she has a light, snipey nose, and her *tout ensemble* is more like that of a St. Bernard than of a mastiff. Mr. Banbury's dark brindle dog Wolsey was first in the open class; his chief defect is a rather bull-dog type of head; but, taking him all in all, he is a grand dog, his beautiful colour lending special charm to his appearance. In this class there was a particularly nice-looking dog called Tiger, a brindle dog, with rather a pointed muzzle, but otherwise exceptionally good, which certainly ought to have been high up. Scawfel, Vril, Kaiser, and other well-known good dogs far better deserved the complimentary letters awarded to Murkim and Turk. The judging in the open bitch class was all wrong, the best two by far being Mr. Hartley's Bowness, which got nothing, and Mr. Hichen's Mab, which was placed third. Without doubt Bowness ought to have been first and Mab a good second. Mr. Wynn's Empress, which won, should perhaps have been third, and the dreadful eared Duchess nowhere, instead of second. The two rough-coated St. Bernard classes were naturally simply benefits for Mr. Gresham's Hector and Dagmar. Oscar, however, which was second in the dog class, is a very good dog, and Hero (commended) should have changed places with Jester, third. In the bitches Jura was a good second; but Grand Duchess is better than Mab, and should have been third. Mrs. Bailey's Gletcher beat the Shah fairly in the smooth-coated dog class. Though he does not carry his ears over well, he has immense bone and substance, and, with another year over his head, will be very grand. Mrs. Bailey's Mädelchen was first in the bitch class; but we liked Mr. Gresham's Abbess better. Newfoundlands were very poor, the winner, Hero, being a narrow coarse beast, with enormous ears.

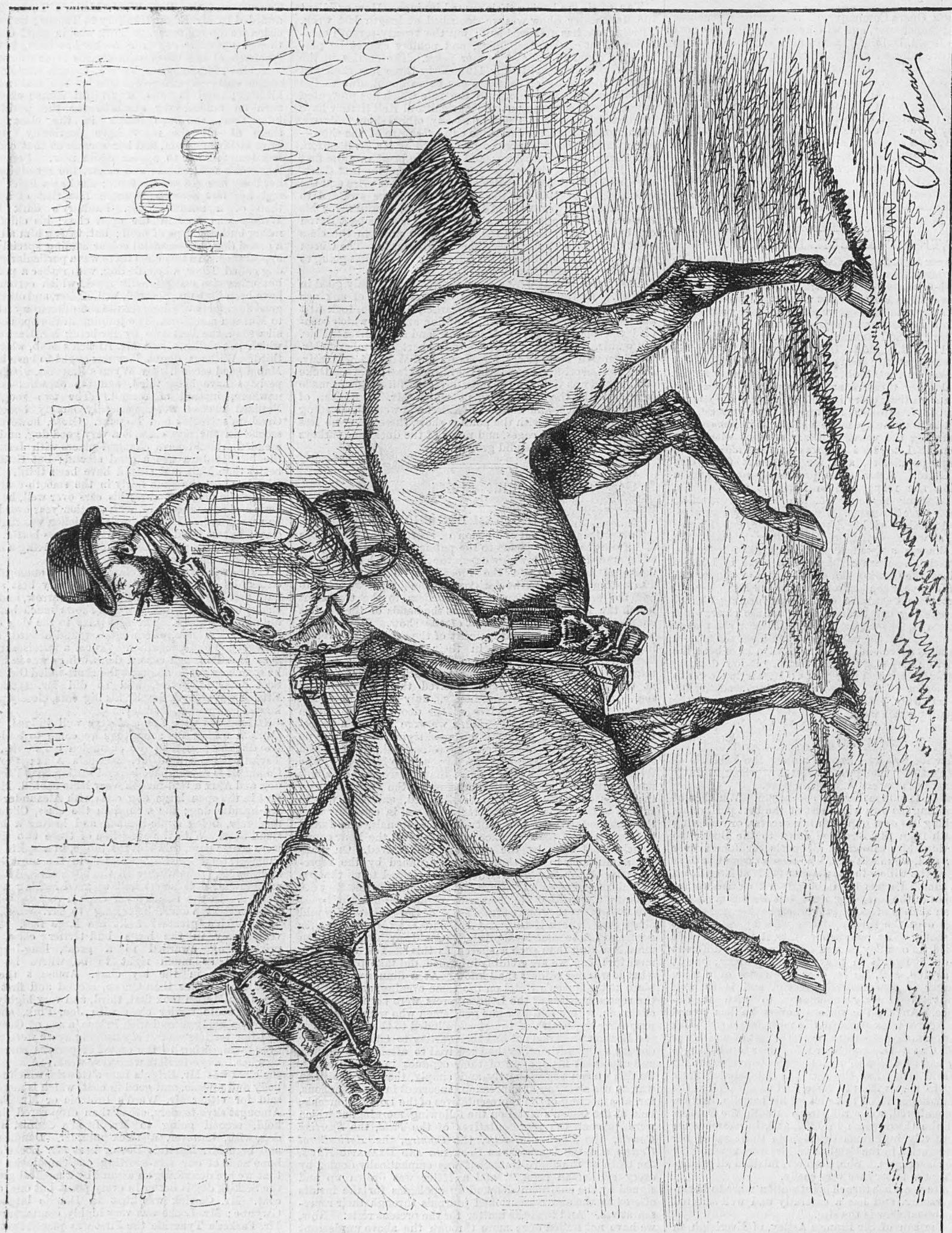
Collies were a very fair class, especially amongst the smooth-coated lot, there being four of the very best specimens we have ever seen present in Sam, Fan, Yarrow, and Guelt. For choice we prefer Yarrow, which shows much better than she did at Nottingham. The first prize in the dog class went to Mr. Brown's Hero, which is too round-headed, and also has his eyes too close together. Bruce, a tortoiseshell-and-white, is as grand a rough-coated dog as there was in the show; but he somehow got in amongst the short-tailed Old English class. Scot deserved notice, and so did Mr. Hyslop's Towser. Ettrick was second, despite his big ears, closely pressed by his kennel companion, Darnley.

Dalmatians were fair and were well judged, Mr. Britton's Captain taking first; and then we come to bull-dogs. Only two dogs appeared in the champion class—viz., Mr. Reuben Taylor's Prince and Mr. Adcock's Ajax; the latter won. Comment is superfluous, beyond stating that Prince is a bulldog and Ajax a bull-mastiff, very lame behind. Mr. Dawes was first in the open large dog class with Alexander—a very good red-brindle dog; the second in the class, Cliquot, was only moderate, being apple-headed, and having a long face and small nose. With the exception of these two the whole class were coarse curs, to which the judge, in a spirit of irony presumably, awarded H.C.'s and C.'s in the most lavish manner imaginable. The winner in the bitch class, Affable, was very moderate, and is about half as good looking as old Maggie Lauder. In the small bitch class a very good-looking little bitch, called Venus, belonging to Mr. Wolff, won easily. This bitch's greatest fault are large feet. Tarquin won very easily in the large bull-terrier class, the second prize being awarded to a great, long-legged creature that had as much right to be where he was as he would have in the toy class. Amongst the bitches we liked Rose better than Queen, second and first respectively. Mr. John Martin took first, third, and very highly commended in the white terrier class with Joe, Pink, and Gem. Mr. Morrison being second with Prince, a son of Gem. Of black-and-tan terriers we can say nothing as we were unable to get near them, owing to the crowd of persons surrounding their benches. Skye-terriers were very weak. A long way best in the class was Mr. Brigg's Lass o' Gowrie, which is long in the body and muzzle, and good in coat, which is more than can be said for either Mr. Ward's Brownie or Mr. Palmer's Meg. Amongst skye-terriers, other than drop-eared, first was with held, second going to Mr. Lyon's Connis, a fairly good dog, with, however, a thick muzzle. Dandies came next, and here Mr. Martin's Doctor beat Mr. Locke's Doctor (we hope none of our non-sporting contemporaries will consider that we are describing an assault by a medical gentleman), but the Selkirk dog is better in every point but one, and that is in coat. Mr. Carrick was first in Dandie bitches with Nell Gwynne; Mr. Locke was very highly commended with Gyp. Mr. Parker's Tyneside the First was placed first amongst the Bedlington, and his Victor was second, Mr. Pickett only getting third with "his real original" Tyneside the First, and commended with Tynedale. Mr. Pickett's dog is far better than Mr. Parker's, which is very coarse in muzzle; but all four were good specimens.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—Mr. Nagle has been appointed treasurer and acting manager at this establishment.

A GALLANT ACT.—On the passage of H.M.S. Lynx from Rio Janeiro to the Cape, Lieutenant W. H. Browne gallantly jumped after one of the crew, who had fallen overboard, and succeeded, with the aid of the life-buoy, in rescuing him.

WORMS IN DOGS.—Important testimony to the excellence of Naldré's Powders. "Scalford, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1871.—Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs, probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldré's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy for dogs.—(Signed) M. B. Wynne." Naldré's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street. [Adv.]



"SIR JOHN." A SKETCH AT NEWMARKET.



SILVER SPRING, FLORIDA.

SILVER SPRING, FLORIDA.

THIS scene is taken on the St. John's River, Florida, which is said to be in many respects the most remarkable one in North America. It has its source in the Everglades of Central and Southern Florida; and, after running due north for 200 miles, it abruptly turns eastward to the ocean, which it finds after cutting through a bleak and sandy coast. For half its distance it is navigable. The channel is narrow, but very deep, and has no banks save such as are indicated by "blazed" marks on the trunks of tall trees. The hull of the steamer goes bumping along against cypress-trees, while the branches of the dense overhanging foliage sweep the upper deck so continually that no one can remain there with safety. Strange sights constantly meet the eye, and strange sounds fall upon the ear. The tree-tops and tangled vines interlace, innumerable birds swarm in the air, huge and numberless reptiles crawl in the waters, and solid patches of flowers in bloom, half a mile in length, stretch through the swamp. Turkey-buzzards, snake-birds, white cranes, wild ducks, herons, and hundreds of smaller birds infest the woods, and fill the air with their loud cries and chatter. Some distance up this strange river is the famed Silver Spring, a great, deep, and surprisingly clear basin of water which boils up from the bowels of the earth with much force, forming a river 100ft in width, and which in the course of seven miles forms a junction with the Ocklawaha. This spring is seventy feet deep, as clear as crystal, fresh and cool. At one time, it is supposed, an Indian village of 6000 inhabitants clustered round it.

The old boat shown by the artist was the very primitive craft in which he made his tour, at the rate of five miles an hour. Originally a steam saw-mill, which failed to do a paying business, its owner placed the boiler upon a flat-boat, fitted up a paddle-wheel, and threw together the craft which now runs as a trading-vessel, and for the accommodation of those who dwell in the swamp.

Athletic Sports.

WHEN the Israelites were in captivity in Egypt they complained that they had to deliver the tale of bricks although their taskmasters failed to provide them with straw. The Editor has this week almost placed me in the same unenviable position, inasmuch as I am compelled to furnish my usual quota for the columns of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, and I have but the most slender stock of material to work upon. Except at the two Universities, there has been but very little moving in the world of athletic sports; and when the present term comes to a close there will be scarcely anything but cross-country runs and paperchases to chronicle for some little time.

At Cambridge, Jesus College sports took place on Thursday and Friday week; and the Rev. the Dean of the college did not think it unbecoming of his high office to fill the by-no-means unenviable position of judge in some of the events on the first day. Putting the weight was secured by J. R. Morgan with a "put" of 33ft 5in, A. B. Loder being second with 30ft 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. In the high jump, D. B. Roffey and J. Hough-Thompson tied at 5ft 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in—by no means a very grand performance. E. M. Salmon won the 100-yards race in 10 4-5sec, and the hurdle-race in 19 3-5sec, and the quarter-of-a-mile race in a little less than 57sec. W. Collier won the mile race by about a hundred yards, in 4min 50sec, and the three-miles race by a foot only, after a tremendous finish with R. Wilson, in 16min 48 2-5sec; the latter, in the last lap, was at one time ten yards behind Collier, but, running with the greatest gameness, he made up his ground inch by inch, and, as stated above, was ultimately defeated by a foot only. E. L. Baddeley won the hammer-throwing at 95ft 10in, beating, among others, the ex-president of the University Boat Club, H. E. Rhodes. He only won the broad jump, clearing 19ft 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in, and the 120-yards race for freshmen in the very fair time of 12 4-5sec. G. L. Spencer, with 18 yards' start, carried off the final heat of the 200-yards handicap; while A. B. Sole (40 yards) was credited with the 1-mile handicap, and E. W. Stocks, of St. Catherine's, with 9 yards' start, was successful in the 120-yards handicap for strangers: time, 12sec. Trinity College sports were brought to a conclusion on the Wednesday, and are noteworthy for the fact that G. H. Hales (who has already won two cups this term for exceeding the limit fixed by the committee) eclipsed all his previous efforts in throwing the hammer, and also for the discovery of a long-distance runner of no slight pretensions in the person of J. T. Penrose. The half-mile handicap for boating men was won by A. P. Hill (35 yards) in 2min 1 1-5sec, the president of the University Boat Club, W. B. Close (30), being second. H. O. Davidson (5 yards) secured the final heat of the 120-yards handicap; time, 12 2-5sec. In the hammer-throwing G. Hales (penalised 20ft) was *facile princeps* with the longest amateur throw on record—viz., 132ft 11in, the Hon. A. Lyttelton being second with 100ft 9in. A. Beal won the long jump, by clearing 19ft 1in; C. V. Bayley cleared 2in further, but, being penalised 6in had to take second honours. The quarter-of-a-mile handicap for strangers was taken by E. A. Mangin, of Caius (46 yards), beating, among others, J. Shearman, of the Thames Hare and Hounds, who, with 10 yards' start, ran third: time, 50 4-5sec. C. V. Bayley won the "quarter" by 4 yards, in 54sec. In the 2-miles handicap J. T. Penrose (20 yards' start) was the virtual scratch-man, and, running with great judgment, did not take the lead until in the last lap but one. When once in front, however, he came sailing away from the rest of the field, and won anyhow by quite a hundred yards in a trifle over 10min 12sec. Clare College sports were held on Saturday and Monday last in most miserable weather, snow and sleet falling almost without intermission on either day. The final heat of the 100-yards race was won by A. E. Dalton in 11sec. The same man also secured the 440-yards race, although he had to concede eight yards to all his opponents: time, 56sec. F. E. Middleton carried off the long jump, covering 17ft 10in; and the quarter of a mile handicap for boating men, with 24 yds start, in 54 1-5sec. Bowman proved successful in putting the weight: distance, 30ft 6in; throwing the hammer—77ft 4in; while he tied with A. H. Griffith in the high jump, both failing to jump higher than 4ft 9in. Winter, from scratch, won the half-mile handicap by six inches only in 2min 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec; and the mile in 4min 54sec; while A. Crawford (15 yards' start) carried off the final heat of the 150-yards handicap: time, 15sec. A. H. Griffith won the hurdles (no distance given) after a good race with Bowman. The strangers' 150-yards handicap was secured by C. E. Cooper, of St. John's, who had 14 yards' start, in 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Athletic meetings at Cambridge were brought to a close for the the season on Tuesday by the sports of St. Peter's College. S. Giddy won the cricket-ball throwing with 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ yd; C. Pigg, the 100-yards and the hurdles, in 11sec and 21sec respectively; while E. A. Maund secured the high jump by clearing 4ft 6in, and the quarter of a mile race. A. W. Robinson put the weight 30ft 7in and W. H. Pardoe was successful in the broad jump

and the mile race, the time being very slow—viz., 5min 55sec, M. Richardson (2 yards' start) won the 200-yards handicap in 23sec; and A. Barker, London Athletic Club, from scratch the 120-yards hurdle handicap for strangers in 18 2-5sec. At Oxford, Pembroke College finished their sports on Saturday, at which T. W. Booth won, putting the weight 32ft, throwing the cricket-ball 92yds 1ft, and throwing the hammer 68ft 7in. In the high jump, T. Spooner, who cleared 5ft, was first; as was W. C. Greene (16 yards' start) in the 200-yards handicap: time, 22sec. W. A. Payne, although he fell during the race, had no difficulty in securing the mile in 5min 3sec. H. M'D. Courtney, the bow oarsman of the University eight, won the final heat of the 100-yards race in 11sec; while E. J. Davies secured the long jump—18ft 8in—and the 120-yards hurdle-race (over ten flights). A. Day carried off the quarter of a mile in 56sec, and G. C. Blaxland (90 yards) the half-mile handicap. The strangers' mile handicap was won by W. H. Grenfell (Balliol), who was in receipt of 90 yards' start: time, 4min 33sec. The 300-yards' handicap for strangers was the most attractive event in the programme of Merton College sports on Monday, in which F. H. Lee (Trinity), 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards' start, was first: time, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. O. B. Martyn (owes 3 yards) carried off "the 100" in 10 4-5sec, the 120-yards' hurdle in 20sec, in the high jump clearing 5ft, while he was second to A. Caldecott in the 150-yards handicap from scratch, conceding the winner 5 yards. J. R. Maguire won the broad jump, clearing 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft; and E. Chapman took the half-mile handicap, with 25 yards' start, in 2min 10sec, and the mile in 5min 20sec. B. J. Kelton won the quarter-of-a-mile by five yards in 55sec; and E. C. Fraser threw the hammer 97ft 8in. Corpus Christi College sports were held on Tuesday. H. J. Hollings won the 100-yards in 11sec; H. C. Jenkins the half-mile handicap from scratch, the quarter-of-a-mile handicap in 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, and the mile in 5min 6 2-5sec. F. R. Hodgson cleared 5ft in the high jump, and A. G. S. Gibson 16ft 9in in the broad jump. F. R. Mercer was first in the 120-yards hurdle-race over ten flights, and D. P. Barton (8 yards' start) occupied a similar position in the 150-yards handicap. The strangers' 200-yards handicap was secured by M. Steadman (St. John's), who had 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards' start in 20 4-5sec.

Before finally taking leave of athletics for the present week, I am bound to notice that the German Gymnastic Society held one of their very popular meetings at their head-quarters, St. Pancras-road, King's-cross, on Thursday evening, when the hall was well filled, the company including an unusually large percentage of ladies, for whom the society have a separate class of instruction. The varied programme contained such items as jumping from a spring-board, vaulting over the bar, long-jumping, rope-climbing, putting the weight with both right and left hands, &c. Perhaps more amusement was afforded by the wrestling for a challenge cup in the catch-as-catch-can style, which was won by a man of rather gigantic proportions, by the name of Blank, who weighs something close upon 17st. The light-weight boxing was won by G. Timpson, although many thought that H. S. Giles had decidedly the best of the final rounds. The gold medal for the middle weights was taken by S. Girling, who, although he had rather the worst of his spar with W. Hetherington in the first of the final rounds, ultimately won somewhat easily.

There is not very much to chronicle with regard to football. On Thursday week the Wasps played Cambridge University, under the Rugby rules, on Parker's Piece, and the game was eventually decided in favour of the visitors by four touches to one. By-the-by, I notice that at a special general meeting of the Rugby Union, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, it was proposed by Mr. A. Rutter (Richmond), and seconded by Mr. F. Stokes (Blackheath), that rule vii. shall henceforth read as follows:—"A match shall be decided by a majority of goals; but if the number of goals be equal, or no goal be kicked, by a majority of tries. If no goal be kicked, or try obtained, the match shall be drawn." This resolution—a very wise one—was carried unanimously. On Wednesday last the Westminster boys finished the season of 1875 by a victory over the Gitanos at Vincent-square: the boys scored two goals, their opponents *nil*. On the same day the Wanderers tried conclusions with the Aldershot division on Kennington Oval, and, after a fast and spiritedly-contested game, no goals were obtained: the match thus ended in a draw. By far the most important and attractive match which has taken place since last writing about football was played on Saturday last at Kennington Oval, between Oxford and Cambridge, under the association rules. Although the weather was bitterly cold, the prowess of two so well-known teams attracted a large number of spectators. Last year the Cantabs won by two goals to nothing; but, contrary to expectation, it being well known that the Light Blues were very strong, on the present occasion the game almost all the time was in favour of Oxford, who had no difficulty in winning by four goals to one. Rawson's goal-keeping for Oxford was perfection, and at first it was all he could do to ward off the attacks of Lyttelton, Simpson, and Sparham. Just before half time each side had scored a goal, Otter for Oxford and Lyttelton for Cambridge, to which Parry added another for Oxford almost immediately before changing ends. Bain secured a third goal, after a quarter of an hour's very fine play, and Fernandez the fourth, for Oxford just before "time" was called. The match between the same Universities (under Rugby Union rules) is to take place at Kennington Oval on Saturday next, Dec. 11. Slough was the scene of the match on Saturday between the Swifts and Eton College, and although the Association rules are comparatively strange to the Etonians, they acquitted themselves very fairly, but were eventually beaten by two goals to one. On St. Andrew's Day (Tuesday) the annual match "at the wall" between the Oppidans and Collegers took place at Eton College, and, as usual, attracted a large muster of old boys. Neither side succeeded in claiming any advantage, and a tie resulted. A match also took place on the same day between two teams of Old Etonians at Oxford and Cambridge, which also ended in a draw.

The trial eights have taken place at Oxford, but owing to the flooded state of the river, which has rendered coaching from the bank almost an impossibility, both crews, I am informed, were not up to the usual pitch of quality. Marriott, of Brasenose, one of the University crew, acted as stroke for the heavier crew; while Edwardes-Moss, of Brasenose (also an old "Blue"), officiated in a similar capacity for the lighter boat. Moss's boat, in which Boustead, of University (who also rowed against Cambridge this year) was No. 6, eventually won rather easily, Marriott's crew falling to pieces dreadfully at the finish. Of the fresh hands selected to fill up the vacant thwarts in the University boat I shall have more to say on a future occasion. The trial eights race at the sister University is fixed for Saturday next, the course elected being over the Ely regatta course. Sadler and Boyd have been trying to come to terms for another match; but nothing has been agreed on. Sadler offered to accommodate Boyd in open boats, over the Tyne championship course, for £200 a side, but this proposition was declined by Boyd, who stated he would not row Sadler again over the championship course until he met him again for the cham-

pionship itself, but he would row him over a mile course in the spring for £200 a side.

Although cricket is very much out of season at this time of year, I cannot close this without noticing with deep regret the death of Mr. Frederick Peel Miller, the well-known Surrey amateur, and who for some time was captain of the county eleven. As a field, at cover-point or long-leg, he was almost without an equal, while his bowling (medium-pace round) was at times very effective, and his batting invariably dangerous. He had been ailing for some years, and on Monday week he died at his residence, Chillworthy House, near Chard, Somersetshire.

Hunting Notes.

A FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.—Mr. Thomas Acomb, of Marston Priory, York, and well known as a bold rider with the York and Ainsty, and other packs, was trying a new horse on Monday last at a small fence, when he was thrown, and his horse trod upon his head. He was brought home insensible, and expired shortly after. Much regret is felt at his untimely end, more particularly as deceased had only been married six weeks.

THE GOSPORT AND FAREHAM BEAGLE HARRIERS.—We have had good sport in the neighbourhood of Fareham with these little dogs this season; they are only from 15in to 16in in height, and run well. Our "meets" are always on Tuesdays and Fridays, within easy reach of Portsmouth and Gosport garrisons, and we have had some rattling "bursts" about Cookham and Portsdown Hills. Mr. R. Binstead, jun., is the master, and the pack numbers twelve couple of hounds. Mr. S. J. Blake acts as huntsman, and Lieutenants R. W. Holt and P. J. Goddall as whips. The kennel is at Peel Farm, Titchfield, Hants.—ROWEL (Gosport).

THE VALE OF WHITE HORSE HOUNDS.—Tom Perry, the first whip of this pack, has been put on to "hunt" them by the Earl of Shannon, the master, in place of Robert Worrall. Fred. Holland, the "second whip" takes Tom Parry's place, so there is a vacancy for that office. This pack numbers fifty-two couples of hounds and hunts seven days a fortnight. The most convenient towns for gentlemen wishing to hunt with them to reside at are Cirencester and Cricklade. The kennels are at Oakley Park, Cirencester, Gloucester. Any good run I shall write you about.—W. G. (Cirencester).

THE YORK AND AINSTY HOUNDS.—The meet of these hounds was postponed until Nov. 29, on account of the death of Mr. Thomas Fairfax, of Newton Kyme, near York, who expired at his residence on Tuesday last. This pack now numbers fifty and a half couples of hounds, and hunts on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Goddard Morgan is kennel huntsman and Charles Haggard whip. The kennel is still at Acomb, near York, which town is the best for visitors to hunt from, all the fixtures being easy of access by rail. We are at present under a cloud in consequence of the foregoing; but when things brighten and we have an extraordinary good run you shall hear from me.—NIMROD (York).

THE HERTFORDSHIRE HOUNDS.—Mr. F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, late master of these hounds, is, we regret to state, seriously ill. He is well known to sportsmen as the author of "The Noble Science of Fox-Hunting." This pack is now owned and managed by a committee, numbers fifty couples of hounds, and hunts on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Visitors will find Luton and St. Albans the best places to stop at to hunt with them. Charles Ward is the huntsman, and C. Harris and Edward Abel the whips. The kennels are still at Kennesbourne-green, Luton. Should we have a "rattler" I will let you know early.—B. (Luton).

THE WEST KENT HOUNDS AND VISCOUNT HARDINGE.—This pack consists of fifty-five and a half couples of fox-hounds, and hunts on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The best places to get at them from are Farningham, Tunbridge Wells, and Sevenoaks. The master for this season—and we hope for many more—is the Hon. Ralph Nevill; George Bollen is huntsman, and John Pett and Joseph Bacon are the whips; the kennels are at Wrotham-heath, near Seven Oaks. At our recent annual dinner at Penshurst Viscount Hardinge, who presided, gave the toast "Success to Fox-Hunting," and in doing so remarked that, "when they considered the number of hounds kept in England, and that in Kent there were four or five packs, he thought hunting might truly be called a national sport. It was a curious thing that wherever Englishmen got together they managed to get up a pack of hounds. In Gibraltar even they had got up one, and in the south of France another. He himself had seen men in India put on their breeches at four o'clock in the morning to be at the covert side by five. Fox-hunters in India had to ride over a most difficult country, and to encounter obstacles altogether unknown in England. It was said sometimes that because countries were rough they did not show sport. He was very lucky in one thing. He happened to be in one of the finest runs ever known in Kent or Surrey. It occurred some twelve years ago. They met at Godstone, and found just above. The fox faced the valley directly, and he went away, and they killed him at Hammerwood Forest, near East Grinstead. This was the best run the Old Surrey ever had. They afterwards measured the distance, and found it was 33 miles from point to point. They could not have changed foxes, because they were bound to go through a country where foxes were not preserved, and they had hardly touched covert, only a few shaws now and then. He recollects that the last time he saw the late Lord Derby, who was in Tunbridge Wells a few months before he died, his Lordship referred to his hunting fifty years before with his father's staghounds, and said he so thoroughly well recollects the run that he could point out, if he went out, the exact place where they took the deer. Lord Derby also said he regretted that he had been obliged to take to politics, for he thought if he had gone in for hunting he would have enjoyed life more, and certainly would have kept off the gout. He had ventured to touch lightly upon the accidents of fox-hunting, and he would allude as lightly to the drawbacks. There were such things as broken fences; and, unfortunately, the foxes ate pheasants, and they ate chickens too. But, as he had said before, all the difficulties could be overcome by a spirit of goodwill and conciliation. In his opinion, foxes did far less harm than rabbits." We had the best run we have had yet, on Tuesday last, from our meet at Fawke-common. Having drawn Longfield Springs, we started off "one of the right sort" towards Knowle Park, when we lost him. Found again in Under-river, and, after a sharp burst of thirty minutes, ran him to ground not far from where we found him. After that we drew Oldberg Wood, where we started a rattling "varmint," who took the field away by Crown Point to the Fishponds; then, turning to the right, he passed the Charts, and on past Oak Bank for the Wilderness, bearing to the left through Longfield Springs to Wimlett Hill, and up hill for Fawke-common, where he turned short back and was run into at Under-river. There were just "a baker's dozen" up at the finish. Anything interesting occurring with this pack I will not fail to inform you about. That was a good picture you had of the Quorn's "First Meet of the Season."

When are you going to sketch us?—HARRY HIE OVER (Farnham).

SOUTH AND WEST WILTS HOUNDS.—At Wardour Castle, on Thursday last, Lord and Lady Arundel gave a grand *dejeuner à la fourchette*. Having done good justice to the viands, we proceeded to draw Twelve Acres, started an “old boy,” and lost him, owing to bad scent. We next drew Flatbury, from which bolted a number of foxes, one of which was killed in the water while trying to swim the duck decoy. Our pack numbers 48½ couple of hounds; we hunt on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, under the mastership of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Everett. Heber Long is huntsman, and Charles Woodley and Mark Gerrish the whips. The kennel, as many of your readers doubtless are aware, is at Greenhill, Warminster. Those who want to hunt with this pack should put up at Warminster and Salisbury. Anything strange, stirring, or exciting with this pack I shall apprise you of.—*SNAFFLE* (Warminster).

OLD HUNTING TERMS.—“We say the deer is ‘broken up,’ the fox and hare are ‘cased.’”—*The Gentleman’s Recreation*, 1686.

HOUNDS IN THE OLDE TIME.—In these fast, goahead days, may it not be possible that our hares and foxes are more speedy and better animals for sport than formerly? What hare or fox nowadays could be caught by hounds such as Shakespeare describes:—

So flew’d, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee’d, and dew-lapp’d like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla’d to, nor cheer’d with horn.

The scenting powers of those little dogs must have been good, however, as appears from the following passages from *The Taming of the Shrew* :—

Lord. Swest thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Huntsman. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day picked out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

The fact of the matter is, in the “good old times” men loved sport and the music of their hounds; now they like to go the pace. But I fancy I hear some “young blood” exclaim, like Timon of Athens,

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

TALLY-HO (Arthur’s Club).

THE DUHALLOW FOXHOUNDS.—Our Cork correspondent writes:—“The master of our pack is Captain Leader, Pat Dalton is huntsman, and Charles Burns and John Donovan the whips; the kennels are at Cortigan, Mallow, in the county of Cork. We had rare sport cub-hunting this season, and up to the present good sport. You shall hear from me shortly when the weather moderates.”

HER MAJESTY’S STAGHOUNDS.—Our pack is a picture this year, and, “all told,” number two score of the handsomest staghounds in the world. By St. Hubert, too, they are well hunted by our noble master, the Earl of Hardwicke. Frank Goodall’s abilities as huntsman need “no butter” from me, and his aides (the whips), Richard Edrupt, Henry Hewson, and William Hartlett are honest and hard-working hunt servants. The kennel, at Ascot Heath, I have recently visited, and can report most favorably of. We had a rare “run” on Tuesday last from Beck’s Farm, Down Barn, Northolt, near Hayes, where the gentlemen composing the field, including Lord Hardwicke, the master, were entertained at luncheon. The splendid stag, “Baron,” was afterwards uncarted in a meadow near the farmhouse, and went away to Sudbury. The hounds were laid on a quarter of an hour later, but, after a smart run of about thirty-five minutes’ duration, the chase had to be given up, as the stag became lost between Willesden Junction and the Welsh Harp at Hendon. A horse ridden by Goodall, the huntsman, met with an injury soon after the start, and was sent to the Red Lion stables, Hillingdon, but no other accidents were reported, although in some places the frost had rendered the ground somewhat dangerous for hunting. Those who do not care to run down from town will always find plenty of comfortable quarters at Windsor or Slough.—*FRIAR TUCK* (Windsor).

THE COTSWOLD HUNT.—The first day in the Painsdown country was last Wednesday; and, although the morning was rough and a bitter east wind blew, there was the usual big meet, most of the neighbouring hunts being represented. The first draw at Haselton Grove proved successful, a fox, with a mind like a hare, making points all round the covert, and the field became distributed accordingly. Other foxes being of the same form, through not being cub-hunted, all hope of a run in this splendid country was dispelled for the day; but, with such a number of foxes in it, there must be some good things in store. Later in the afternoon a good fox was found in Star Wood, which broke away through Stowell Grove and back again, scent being better than it had been in the morning. The hounds hunted him prettily, bringing him through Star Wood, out at the bottom, over the water, and into Chedworth Wood, clean through this big covert, and away pointing for Barnsley. Unluckily, only five saw the hounds go—Travess, Mr. H. Elwes, Mr. Reginald Lloyd, Mr. A. Stevenson, and Mr. W. R. Holman. After being headed, the fox turned for Ifcombe, leaving Boys Grove to the right, and on for Cliffordine, clean through it without dwelling an instant, alongside the water in Rendcomb Park, and up the bank between the summer-house and Sir Francis Goldsmid’s mansion, through the shrubberies, over Shawswell Bottom, to Mr. Tovey’s farm, where they killed him—a most enjoyable hunting run of fifty minutes. After this an invite to the hospitable rectory, and Mr. Pitt at home, was most welcome. Only a small field turned out at the meet at the kennels last Monday, but men don’t care about the vale in its present state, when they have such firm going on the hills. The Hunting Butts covert was drawn blank, but Lowdow Brake held a fox; scent bad, sleet falling, and after a ring he was given up. Stoke Brake provided another that took them across to Bushcombe, on the hills, the wind and sleet there being still worse. So the day closed with nothing further to record. We have a rare pack of hounds this year, numbering fifty-one couples, and they “carry as fine a head” as any pack could. We hunt on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and those wishing to join in the sport had better stay at Cheltenham or Gloucester. Mr. A. Holme Sumner is our master, Charles Travers is the huntsman, and Joseph Overton, John Atkinson, and Joe Titcombe are our whips. The kennel, I need hardly say, is at Cotswold, Cheltenham, and is “a model” for others to copy, the arrangements being most perfect. Hang “Jack Frost,” say I; not much chance of my having to describe another good “burst” for your readers’ benefit until things look “softer.”—*JACK SNUR* (Cheltenham).

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT’S HOUNDS.—I regret to say that I have two accidents to report this week, which occurred with our hounds at the meet, on Tuesday, at Allington Bar, near Chippenham. Soon after the find Mr. H. Pitman’s horse stumbled at a small gutter in a marshy field, and fell heavily, rolling over his rider, who was “severely shaken,” and sustained some

injury, the extent of which cannot yet be ascertained, to the right thigh. Soon afterwards Captain Pitman, his father, who was unaware of the accident, was thrown from his horse, which made a mistake at one of the fences, and was badly cut about the shoulder. Serious consequences are not apprehended, but they will both be confined to their beds for several days. In reply to the questions conveyed in your circular, the number of hounds in the pack is 75½ couples. Our hunting days are Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The kennel is at Badminton, near Chippenham, Wilts. The best places to reach our “meets” from are Chippenham, Chipping Sodbury, Malmesbury, and Tetbury. Our noble master, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, has a world-wide fame; the Marquis of Worcester acts as field huntsman, and Charles Hamblin as kennel huntsman; Robert Vincent and Wat Barnett are the whips. Hoping to have better news for your readers in my next communication, I remain, yours, &c., Jonrocks, jun. (Tetbury).

LOD GALWAY’S HOUNDS.

What’s so graceful, light, and airy?
Whose every step is like a fairy?
His coat so sleek, his brush tip white,
His ears and padds as dark as night;
Form’d in Nature’s happiest hours
To grace the woodland’s shadiest bowers:
With his soft, cunning, pensive eye,
He’s worried, hunted, made to die.
No moonbeam, ever shining bright,
Flits o’er the meadows half so light;
He gives you sport, day after day,
His one request—give me fair play.

First of all I shall reply to the queries in your note, and then I shall give a description of a run we had last Tuesday. The best towns to put up at for hunting with this pack are Retford, Worksop, Bawtry, or Doncaster. The pack numbers fifty-eight couples of hounds; our hunting days are Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays; Viscount Galway, M.P., is the master, John Morgan is huntsman, and John Hollidge and William Whiting the whips; the kennel is at Grove, near Retford, Nottingham. And now for our run last Tuesday from the meet at Carlton Green. Notwithstanding the frost, a good day’s sport was the result. Lord Galway was present, and among the company were the Hon. G. E. M. Monckton, Colonel White, Captain Williams, and Henry Watson, J. Hunt, — Allen, Gouldsborough, and G. W. Hodgkinson, Esqrs., with many gentlemen from Worksop and Retford. Carlton Green was first drawn, and proved a blank. From here the field made for Langold Hout, when a right one was found, and went away at a rattling pace for Langold Drypond, near Discar Wood. Here a double back was made, leading away to Carlton Green, where the fox and hounds were on good terms, coming out on Holly Hills, pointing towards the lake. Carlton Hall was now passed, and on to the Rectory Grounds, then forward to Hodsack, turning up by Hodsack Forest Plantation to the “fifty acres,” and on to Blyth Low Hill, here losing the fox. Trotting towards Hodsack Willows another fox (or the same) was found, and from there to Wink’s Wood, which was skirted, across the farms to Crosby Hill, and on to “the hundred acres,” when the hounds divided, one portion taking a fox to Carlton, the other following scent to Hodsack. Losing scent at Hodsack, that portion of the hunt returned to Carlton Green. From here a fox led them through North Carlton village towards Hodsack. Sport was now given up, as night was coming on, without a kill.—*W. H. W.* (Doncaster).

Racing—Past and Future.

JACK FROST has at last sent forth his edict, and has bound up the ground with an iron grasp and sternly prohibited any more sport during his pleasure. No one can really be sorry, for a black north-easter is not particularly conducive to comfort when one is obliged to lounge about in the ring all the afternoon, and if you are compelled to stop at home you have the consolation of knowing that everybody else is in the same boat with yourself, so that you cannot complain of having any special grievance.

The Warwick Meeting was fortunately brought to a conclusion last week without any adjournment proving necessary, which must have been consolatory to Mr. Merry, though at one time there was a very strong apprehension that this would have been the case. The racing on the big day of the meeting was decidedly above the average, and, for the time of year, the fields were large, and the same may be said on the Thursday and Friday, though the weather was very wintry, snow falling on both days, and tending to make the going exceedingly soft and slippery. Sugarcane for once took it into his head to run kindly in a Handicap Hurdle Race, and was very nearly compensating Sir George Chetwynd for the numerous disappointments he has had with him. On this occasion, warned by previous failures, backers would have none of him, and he was quoted at the nice outside price of 100 to 8. At the last hurdle this looked as if it were going to be landed, but he could not quite get up and was beaten a head by Pride of Kildare. In the Shorts Handicap my old favourite Agate was made favourite, and I began to fancy that her time had come; but she was so easily beaten by both the Dancing Scotchman and the Worthless filly that I am afraid I was mistaken and that she is a bad one after all. Professor, after having disappointed his party, as we have seen, on several occasions when they have put their money down, brought back some of their losses in the hundred pound plate, wherein he beat the unlucky Bilberry colt, though War Office was the favourite and was pretty heavily backed by the stable. Fairy King, after his second to Prodigal in the Midland Counties Handicap, ought not to have been so much overlooked as he was in the Flying Scud Cup, for which The Gunner was deemed capable of giving him no less than 18lb, and was backed at 6 to 4 accordingly by the talent. He failed to do it, however, and Mr. Bingham’s colt won pretty easily. It being the fashion for previously-beaten good things to come out and vindicate their private reputations, St. Moritz at last showed that the stories of what he could do at home had some foundation by beating a fair field for the Innkeepers’ Plate, of whom Captain Machell’s Sir Arthur was considered the pick. Mr. Percival afterwards bought St. Moritz for 200gs. Queen of the Bees beat the very useful Old Fashion in the Studley Castle Cup; and in a Handicap Sweepstakes, out of a remarkably speedy field—including such cattle as Mohican, Instantly, and others—not one could get near Lady Atholstone, who completely spread-eagled her followers. There was nothing noteworthy in the other events of the day. On Friday backers had a better time of it, and managed to recoup themselves somewhat for their losses during the week. Sir Arthur compensated for his defeat by St. Moritz by winning a Selling Race, after which he was bought in for 210gs, so that Mr. Percival may be held to have got a cheap purchase on the previous day. The Bradgate Cup fell to Gunner, who beat Mr. Winkle by ten lengths. The latter’s performances are simply inexplicable. In the Guy Welter he

beat Lady Atholstone by almost any distance, giving her a stone, and the next day Lady Atholstone gives Mohican 6lb and a six-lengths beating. According to this a ton would hardly bring Mr. Winkle and Mohican together, and a horse that has done what Mohican has is no mean animal; yet, at a difference of only a stone, he can scarcely see the way the Gunner is going. It is very funny; but I suppose horses are like men, one day well and another out of sorts or out of humour, and it would be well if backers would sometimes manage to bear this in mind. The Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase fell to the favourite in Congress, after a good finish with Regal, Revenge being a bad third. A curious incident connected with the race was that Palm, belonging to Mr. G. Brown, when the betting opened, was backed at 3 to 1, at which price a good deal of money was invested; but in less time than it takes to write it he was driven to 33 to 1; and even in running, when all the horses were well together and Palm looked to have as good a chance as anything, a bookmaker loudly offered 100 to 2, amid a significant silence on the part of the bystanders. The *Morning Post* has given an elaborate explanation of the case; but one at least does not like to be in the unlucky position of having got one’s modest fiver on an animal who so mysteriously recedes from 3 to 1 to 30 to 1 just at the critical moment when they are cantering down to the post. The Welter Handicap furnished a pretty race between Zaccius and Young Sydmonton, the latter winning as easily as the Marescot colt did on Wednesday from Lord Maidstone’s horse. By throwing in an extra day’s programme on Saturday, Mr. Merry induced some of the company to remain; but the racing was not of a very high order, and calls for no detailed comment on my part. This week a hard frost has necessitated the postponement, up to the moment of writing, of the Croydon Meeting; and it scarcely appears likely that the programme can be brought off this side of Sunday, in which case it will again stand adjourned till Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in next week. This will tend to put owners and trainers somewhat out in their calculations; but I still think Victoire has a good chance given her, notwithstanding what the Man in the Street tells me of Courreuse de Nuit and Shifnal, both of whom have been backed for money, and certainly look dangerous. Sandown Park and Kingsbury meetings are fixed for next week, and Croydon will clash with the latter if any racing takes place at all; but by all appearances the frost has set in for a long spell, and I have no personal anticipations of seeing any jumping worth speaking of much this side of Christmas.

Two events have occurred during the past week which call for a passing notice. The first is the death of Hannah, Baron Rothschild’s brood mare, which took place on Wednesday at the Mentmore Stud Farm after foaling. It will be remembered that Hannah was the triple victor of the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St. Leger in 1871. She was bred by the late Baron in his orthodox fashion, being by King Tom out of Mentmore Lass, a thorough Mentmore pedigree; and, although she only won eleven races, her aggregate winnings amounted to nearly £17,000. Hannah was a special favourite of the Baron, and was so named by him after his daughter. The next matter to which I alluded is the sale of Mr. W. S. Crawfurd’s horses at Tattersall’s last Monday. Of course, Gang Forward was the principal attraction, and he looked well enough, being guaranteed on the sale list as thoroughly sound. For my own part, I think the 4100gs which he fetched was his full value, for I am far from regarding Gang Forward as a first-class horse, albeit he did win the Guineas and run second for the Derby. His destination is Australia. Royal George would hardly have found many supporters for the last Cesarewitch could they but have known that Mr. Crawfurd would have been content to let him go for a century, which was all he fetched. Manton, Simon, and Pascarel were undoubtedly the pick of the lot, and realised full prices; the others were more or less rubbish. On the same afternoon the filly by General Peel out of Famine, who struck such sore dismay into the hearts of backers on the last day of the Shrewsbury Meeting, was sold for 310gs, which is surely all she is worth. Now that active racing has to be abandoned, the statisticians of the turf have resumed their wonted labours. I am far from undervaluing those labours, for now and then curious facts are brought to light, and, *faute de mieux*, sometimes their compilations may be studied with interest. The first of these to appear annually is the list of winning jockeys. Most people jump to the conclusion that the jockey who rides the greatest number of winners must be the best horseman; but nothing can be more delusive than this, as backers of jockeys’ mounts can tell you. Take F. Archer, for example, who heads the list this year, with 172 wins as against a total number of 613 mounts. Suppose one had risked a sovereign on each race in which Archer took part we must have lost 411 sovereigns before we could count our winnings, and as the largest proportion of Archer’s mounts are warm favourites, often with odds on them, we should not be justified in calculating on an average return of more than 2 to 1 for every one of the 172 wins, which would amount therefore to 341, leaving us with a net loss on the year’s operations of £97. Averages are equally delusive. Archer, as we have seen, has won about 30 per cent of his races, and Fordham, with 41 out of 141, stands for about 35 per cent; while Cambell, with only two mounts during the year, of which he has won one, can certainly lay claim to an average of 50 per cent; and Evans, with only one mount, which he won, has certainly won 100 per cent; but I don’t think either Cambell or Evans can claim to be thought the equal of George Fordham in the pigsink. Some student of contemporary turf lore has found out that George has won 2159 races since his first appearance in 1851; but he has never won more than 166 in any one year, and no one has ever won so many in one season as young F. Archer, who heads the list for 1875 with 172 winning mounts. With the snow on the ground, I foresee that there will be little to write about next week, so that a good opportunity will probably be offered for commencing my Derby review.

DONCASTER.

F. Archer again heads the list of winning jockeys, having this year won no fewer than 172 races, being 101 more than the next successful jockey, Constable, who is credited with 71.

KINGSBURY CHRISTMAS MEETING.—The Ealing committee will hold their annual meeting at Kingsbury on Dec. 27, 28, and 29, and offer a good programme.

ANOTHER “SPILL.”—Mr. Barnes, who rode Palm in the Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase at Warwick, met with a serious accident last Saturday. He was riding Little Boy Blue over hurdles when the horse came down and threw Mr. Barnes heavily, breaking two ribs in his left side.

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WILDFOWL-SHOOTING ON THE FRENCH COAST.

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Coursing.

COURSING is the most ancient of all the field sports that have survived the changes and prejudices of many centuries in these isles, and it is a remarkable and noteworthy fact that the details given by the earliest chroniclers, who were enthusiastic followers of the leash, differ only in very slight and immaterial particulars from the modern laws, processes, and observances which govern the sport. Arrian, the most exhaustive of ancient coursing historians, writes in the most elaborate and enthusiastic manner of his beloved pastime, and his crude yet keen criticisms concerning hares, greyhounds, and coursers would be equally applicable to the coursing now celebrated at Ashdown, Altcar, Lurgan, Lytham, and Newmarket, which may be accepted as fairly representative heads of the sport in its several local varieties. Although the sister sport of hunting may possibly lay claim to more extended patronage, there can be no doubt that coursing is much more heartily appreciated by those who enrol themselves in the ranks of its followers than is the case in any other branch of English outdoor sport, while the sporting instincts engendered by coursing have a healthier ring about them than can be claimed by any other coterie of sporting devotees. Coursing certainly cannot boast, as in past ages, of extensive Royal patronage; but it must not be overlooked that such pastimes in those days were almost exclusively confined to the Court and nobility, that of the leash especially so. Now, however, matters are entirely changed, and throughout the length and breadth of the land all classes alike participate in the invigorating influences of hunting and coursing. Although the members of our Royal house do not identify themselves with the pastime under discussion, the earnest supporters of coursing throughout the United Kingdom includes such a list of nobles and aristocratic sportsmen as would take half a "Debrett" to publish it accurately, while a perusal of the names of those composing the National Coursing Club (the Jockey Club of the leash) will at once enforce the conviction that the welfare, honour, and integrity of coursing are not likely to suffer in the keeping of such doughty custodians. During the last quarter of a century coursing has made such rapid strides that the sport has taken its place, with racing and hunting, as one of the great sporting institutions of the country; and the "love of the leash" is extending with equal rapidity to those of our colonies naturally adapted to its institution, Australia being especially forward in this respect. This, however, will furnish interesting particulars for further discussion as the season advances. Unlike racing, there are no valuable prizes in the shape of large sums of added money to contend for in coursing; and, beyond the honoured trophy of cups and pieces of plate which are given at a great many meetings, the followers of the leash are compelled, if they look to profit, to run for their own money in the shape of sweepstakes. This fact, however, is one of the greatest proofs of the vitality and genuineness of coursing and its lovers, and one which, we trust, will long prevent this ancient sport from sinking to the sordid level of most other pastimes, in which direct competition is the very essence of their existence. As an instance of the wonderful extent to which coursing has increased, we have but to illustrate the greatly-advanced sums of money now given for saplings of good pedigree combined with the requisite conformation necessary to fulfil the qualifications of high-class greyhounds. And, notwithstanding the fact that where there was one greyhound-breed ten or twelve years ago there are now at least twenty, the supply is not yet equal to the demand, for colonial buyers are ever ready to purchase where excellence and merit is combined. Public coursing meetings in England, Ireland, and Scotland have increased to an enormous extent, and the list of fixtures is now such a voluminous one from the first to the last week of the season that it seems almost impossible to get another one in without causing the disaster that always attends the clashing of local or other interests. Not many years since the amount of money run for in stakes was comparatively insignificant; but it is computed that something like £100,000 is now disposed of in that way during the season, a sufficient proof that the financial status of the sport is in a flourishing condition, and that its popularity is assured. The Waterloo Cup is the great prize for which public coursers are all desirous, and the contest has now become one of such world-wide fame and importance that it has fairly earned for itself the title of the Derby of the Leash, and, as such, a brief sketch of its origin and progress may not be uninteresting. It had a very humble beginning as far back as 1836, when an eight-dog stake was instituted by the late Mr. Lynn, so well known and associated with the Great Waterloo Cup of later years, the winner to receive a silver snuffbox. This modest prize was won by Mr. Lynn himself, with a greyhound named Melaine, lent to him by Lord Molyneux, whose father, Earl Sefton, had given permission for the cup to be run for at Altcar, the present Waterloo battle-ground. The following year there was considerable enterprise thrown into the proceedings, the nominations being increased to sixteen of £5 each, while the eight beaten greyhounds in the first round were to run for the Altcar Plate, as it was then designated. So successful was this meeting that the following year the nominations were again doubled, while the sweepstake was increased to £25 each, £170 of the aggregate amount being apportioned to the Altcar Stakes, run

for by the sixteen greyhounds put out in the first round. To increase the strength of the meeting, another stake, called the Waterloo Purse, for sixteen greyhounds at £10 each, was also made up; and from that year the Waterloo Cup became an annual affair, increasing in importance and interest every year. For twenty years it continued to be a thirty-two dog stake, but the demand for nominations became so great that in 1857 it was determined to increase the number to sixty-four. Although many of the old stagers opposed the alteration and prognosticated the decline and ultimate annihilation of the Waterloo Cup, their fears have not been realised; indeed, there would be no difficulty in filling double the number of nominations in the present day; but that, of course, would render the affair too unwieldy for proper management. The honoured name of Sefton has been associated with the Waterloo Cup from its institution; and it is to that noble house the coursing community is indebted for, not only the rare sport to be witnessed at the several meetings of the Altcar Club, but more especially for the high rank taken by the "Dog Derby" as one of the great sporting events of the country. At no other place in the kingdom could the Waterloo Cup be run off in its present proportions, attracting as it does so many thousands of spectators, who, when drawn up in array, present the appearance from a distance of a large army. The Altcar plains are intersected by ditches for draining what would otherwise be a vast swamp; and it is these constantly recurring "dykes" that enable a few field stewards, headed by Lord Sefton, to marshal a crowd of close upon fifty thousand strong, and prevent any interference with the sport. Sometimes the rough element of Lancashire bursts out into unruly disorder; but, as coursing is instantly stopped, a few minutes suffice to bring the ruffians to their senses, and then all goes on smoothly. It is really wonderful, when the numerical strength of the crowd is taken into consideration, and the great interest, enthusiasm, and excitement aroused by the antagonism of the prominent Waterloo Cup favourites, that such excellent order is kept by so slender an authority, and it speaks well for the good sense of those who must be attracted there, either by pecuniary interests or curiosity alone. Then, again, a very large number of hares are required to get through the heavy three days' coursing necessary to dispose of the Waterloo Cup, Purse, and Plate; and but for the game being strictly preserved the running could not take place, as it now does, on picked ground. It will, therefore, be readily understood to what a degree the thanks of the coursing world are due to Lord Sefton for not only granting the use of his domain to course over, but also for the personal supervision he gives to the meeting, and his extensive patronage of the sport as a public courser. The first time the late Earl Sefton competed for the Waterloo Cup was in 1847, when he won with Senet, a greyhound of his own breeding; and he also reared Sack and Sanctity, the sire and dam of the winner. Seven years later, Sackcloth, a son of Senet and Cinderella, secured the second Waterloo Cup for his Lordship; but since that period the home kennel has had but indifferent fortune in Waterloo contests.

Cerito was one of the most remarkable and noteworthy greyhounds ever slipped, as she won the Waterloo Cup three times—viz., in 1850, when a puppy, and in her third and fourth seasons. Although these performances will scarcely compare with the treble victories of the redoubtable Master M'Grath when the cup was a sixty-four dog stake, the achievements of the beautiful daughter of Lingo and Wanton will certainly never be forgotten so long as coursing is in the ascendant, and the name of Cerito will always be mentioned whenever Lord Lurgan's wonderful greyhound is referred to as a triple "Waterloo hero." Another splendid greyhound whose name is honourably associated with the Waterloo Cup prior to its being increased to a "sixty-four" is Judge, one of the best greyhounds that ever contended for the coveted trophy, which he won in 1855, and ran up for the following year, while as a sire he has been even more memorable. Having brought the history of the Waterloo Cup up to the period when it assumed its present dimensions, a brief record of the noteworthy features since that period must be left over to our next issue.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair—the second-service clasp of the institution was voted to Mr. James White, coxswain of the Fishguard life-boat, and £36 11s. to himself and the other men forming the crew of the boat on the 15th ult., when it put off four times during a very severe gale from the N.E., and in a tremendous sea, and saved four shipwrecked crews, numbering altogether sixteen men. The thanks of the institution, inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. J. G. Annal, chief officer of H.M. coastguard at Goodwick, for his co-operation on the occasion of these gallant services by the Fishguard life-boat men. Similar thanks were also voted to Mr. John Morgan and the Rev. James Webb, honorary secretaries respectively of the Cardigan and Hornsea branches of the institution, for their active co-operation on recent occasions when their life-boats were called out on service. Other rewards, to the amount of £474, were granted to crews of different life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month. The silver medal of the institution, and its thanks inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. Philip George, coxswain of

the Caister life-boat, and to Mr. S. Bishop, chief boatman of H.M. coastguard at Caister, and £10 to some other coastguard men and beachmen for saving three of the crew of the schooner Wild Wave, of Sunderland, which was wrecked on Caister beach. Other rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments to the amount of £2689 were ordered to be made on different life-boat establishments. During the current year £28,500 had been expended by the society in the formation of new life-boat establishments and in the maintenance of its large life-saving fleet, now numbering 251 boats. In the same period the institution had contributed, by its life-boats and other means, to the saving of 740 lives from various wrecks, besides rescuing 29 vessels from destruction. Various contributions and legacies to the society were announced. A new life-boat had recently been sent by the institution to Penarth, South Wales; and new boats were also about to be forwarded to Tyrella and Balbriggan, Ireland. Another was also ordered for Campbeltown, N.B. Reports were read from the inspectors of life-boats to the institution on their recent visits to the coast. The proceedings then terminated.

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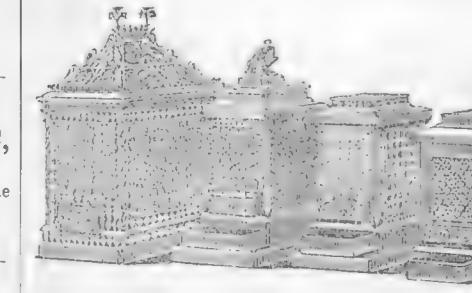
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STALLIONS.

1876.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

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Joskin is the sire of Plebeian (winner of the Middle Park Plate), Chawbaccon, and many other winners, out of very few mares, and is of a rare strain of blood suitable many mares.

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THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. He was a good racehorse, up to great weight; his half-bred stock in Lincolnshire are very fine; the only racehorse got by him is Amazon, a winner at two and three years old; the only yearling sold last year at Doncaster by him made 260gs; he is now in fine condition and very handsome, the type of the Arab; up to 16st. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom; half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

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1876.

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COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs and 10s the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

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STALLIONS.

1876.

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SCENE FROM "ALL FOR HER."

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with an illustration of one of the most effective scenes in the new drama *All for Her*, by Messrs. Hermann Merivale and Palgrave Simpson. The main idea of this deservedly successful play is borrowed, as the authors duly acknowledge, from Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." Sidney Carton suggested the character of Hugh Trevor to the dramatists, who have made self-sacrifice the keynote of their drama. As stated by our dramatic critic, *All for Her* is a prose poem, illustrating the irresistible power of love—a love which, though hopeless and unrequited, is so pure, abiding, and deep-rooted as to effect, first, the regeneration of the hero, Hugh Trevor, the elder, but supposed illegitimate, half-brother of Lord Edendale, from a state of reckless dissipation and drunkenness, to which he had abandoned himself, and then leads him into several acts of noble and heroic self-sacrifices, 'all for her,' Lady Marsden, whom he so passionately and hopelessly loves. She, however, is betrothed to his younger brother, Lord Edendale, whom he as strongly hates, not only as the possessor of the title, estates, and position which should have been his, but for the supposed baser sinister on his escutcheon, but still more so as the barrier between himself and the lady he devotedly worships. These self-sacrifices commence in the first act, where the Hanoverian soldiers are in search of Lord Edendale, who has compromised himself in some Jacobite plots; Hugh Trevor gives himself up as the treasonable peer, while the real culprit escapes over the wall (as shown in Mr.

Friston's Illustration). In the next act Hugh again assists in the escape of Lord Edendale from a secret chamber in Edendale Abbey, where he is concealed; but his efforts are eventually baffled by the craft of a Government agent, one Radford, who recalls the soldiers, and Edendale is arrested, Radford making it appear to Lady Marsden that Hugh Trevor had treacherously betrayed them. Lady Marsden's gratitude is now turned into hatred, and she pours forth a torrent of bitter invectives on Hugh, who, while writhing under her undeserved denunciations, calmly burns the certificate of marriage between his father, the old Lord, and Hugh's mother, Jane Trevor, which he and Radford had discovered some short time previously in a cabinet in the secret chamber, and which proved him to be legitimate and the lawful successor to the title and estates, the destruction of this document, again 'all for her,' destroying all his own hopes and leaving Lady Marsden's betrothed still Lord Edendale. The culminating heroic devotion takes place in the third act, in Carlisle Gaol, where Lord Edendale lies under sentence of execution; Hugh Trevor, having rendered Lord Edendale unconscious by a powerful anæsthetic, covers him with his cloak, and has him conveyed out of the prison as a man stupefied with drink and enveloped in Edendale's cloak. Hugh is led out as the prisoner, ascends the scaffold, and bows his head on the block as the curtain descends. The two principal characters, Hugh Trevor and Lady Marsden, are most excellently sustained by Mr. Clayton and Miss Rose Coghlan, the former displaying an intensity of power and pathos and quiet tenderness under his hopelessness of love which he has not

hitherto been accredited with; these, too, were artistically contrasted with his reckless gaiety and roistering Bohemianism of the first act; indeed, profound study and an intelligent appreciation of the character are apparent in every detail of the impersonation, which, if anything, only requires a little toning down to become a very highly-finished and admirable piece of acting. Miss Coghlan has again made another advance in her art, her Lady Marsden being a fitting companion picture to her Florence Talbot, in *Self*."

EDMUND FALCONER.

The collected facts of the theatrical career of the eminent dramatist and actor, in whose honourable behalf such a distinguished audience assembled last week at Drury Lane Theatre, are so interesting and instructive in themselves that we cannot forbear making a brief record of them. Pursuing for many years the vocation of an itinerant, or at least of a provincial, actor, Edmund Falconer may be said literally to have risen from the lowest to the topmost rung of the ladder. He commenced his novitiate as a "utility" man, which, being interpreted into less technical phrase, means an actor engaged to play small parts, but who is liable upon emergency to be asked to represent really important ones. Passing quickly but profitably through the various intermediate phases, he ultimately achieved the position of a leading tragedian, which, strange as it may seem to those who know him only as an Irish comedian, he maintained for some years, being at one time the leading man of the Worcester circuit, where his performance



SCENE FROM "ALL FOR HER," AT THE MIRROR THEATRE.

of the parts of Shakspearian heroes, particularly of Hamlet, attracted the especial notice and elicited the emphatic commendation of Mr. Ouseley, who was at that time proprietor and editor of the *Shropshire Conservative*, and bore the character of an eminent critic. From time to time during this stage of his career as a provincial actor, Mr. Falconer had the pleasure of meeting and playing in concert with most of the London celebrities of the day, tragedians and comedians, and he retains agreeable recollections of valuable lessons and marked expressions of approval from Macready, the elder Farren, and the younger Kean, Charles Mathews, Vandenhoff, J. B. Buckstone, Benjamin Webster, H. Wallack, Mrs. Theodore Martin, Mrs. Charles Kean, Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Madame Vestris. It will be understood that, in concert with these "stars," he played only serious characters, such as first "juveniles" or the heavy impersonations of the leading villains, save when more agreeably employed in playing the rival leading parts with the lady "stars." His last provincial engagement, previous to his having arranged to appear as author and actor under Mr. Charles Dillon's management at the Lyceum, in the autumn of 1856, was at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, where he has played Hamlet and Three-Fingered Jack on one night, Richard III. and Faust on another, repeating these duplicate performances more than once in a season. On one particular Saturday night he was induced by the manager, Mr. G. Egerton, to get through the parts of Glo'ster in *Jane Shore*; George Barnwell in Lillo's tragedy of that name, and Earl Osmond in *The Castle Spectre*! While engaged in this energetic pursuit of histrionic labour, he prosecuted no less sedulously his more passionately-loved vocation of poet and dramatic author.

He wooed the muses with songs and sonnets, ballad stories and romances in rhyme, rhythmical moralities, and plays in blank verse. Of these latter two were afterwards produced at the Lyceum—viz., *The Cagot*; or, *Heart for Heart*, and *Francesca*; or, a *Dream of Venice*, having been written during his provincial peregrinations, and whilst he was engaged at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool. He wrote and had produced there several adaptations and melodramas—to wit, a version of Dumas's "Monte Cristo," also one of "Ingomar," and an adaptation of Bulwer's "Leila"; and more particularly—as showing thus early his intention of working upon that field of Irish character with which he was so intimate, and in which he achieved his most brilliant triumphs—a dramatisation of Banion's novels of "John Doe" and "The Nolans," under the title of *The Green Hills*. In this Mr. Falconer then played the tragic hero. It was afterwards (slightly altered) presented to the London public at the Lyceum as *Peep o' Day*, where it was an immediate and unexampled success. His introduction to the London public as an author was by the play of *The Cagot*, produced at the Lyceum in November, 1856. It at once earned for him the repute of a poet and dramatist. His next effort was the well-known comedy of *Extremes*, which achieved a great success and had a long run at the same theatre. His predilection for the "legitimate" was then evidenced by the production of *Francesca*, a play in five acts and blank verse. His next productions were at the Haymarket—an original drama, entitled *A Husband for an Hour*; and two comedies—viz., *Family Wills* and *Does He Love Me?* in both of which Miss Amy Sedgwick played the heroine. These were followed by an adaptation of *The Isle of St. Tropez*, in which the author played, at Sadler's Wells; an Irish drama, called *The*

Leprechaun, written for Barry Williams; and an extravaganza, entitled *Chrystabelle*—both produced at the Lyceum; an adaptation from the French, entitled *The Master Passion*, presented at the Princess's Theatre; also an English version of *Ruy Blas* for Mr. Fechter; the songs and rhythmical portions of the operas *The Rose of Castile* and *Satanella*, music by Balfe; and the entire libretto of Mellon's opera of *Victorine*. He also wrote the comic drama of *The Next of Kin*, and the farces of *Too Much for Good Nature*, *Husbands, Beware!* and *It Must be True*. He was then engaged to play Danny Man in *The Colleen Bawn*, and continued to play that character during the whole run of the drama at the Adelphi. Subsequently he became the manager of the Lyceum, and produced his comedy of *Woman*, which, being a success, played from August until November 9, when he produced the drama entitled *Peep o' Day*, which ran the whole year through and until the next Christmas. Afterwards he became the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which he re-decorated at a lavish expense. And now we come to the most memorable epoch of Edmund Falconer's industrious career when, in the national theatre, he made his gallant effort to revive, at the risk of his own fortune, the national drama, and to re-establish in London a taste for the higher and more poetical species of plays. Having engaged all the unpensioned veterans of Mr. Macready's and Mr. Kean's companies, under his management was revived, with an unusually strong cast and appropriate scenic accessories, the tragedy of *Macbeth*; and again, with similar advantages, the plays of *Cymbeline*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *As You Like It*, *King John*, *King Lear*, and *Henry IV*. The more imaginative and poetical drama was kept in countenance by the production of Milton's *Comus* and Byron's *Manfred*. The casts of the

above included, as occasion required and engagements permitted, such artists as Miss Helen Faust and Mrs. Herman Vezin, Mr. Phelps, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Walter Montgomery, &c. Here, too, was presented another new and original play, in five acts and blank verse, by the manager, Edmund Falconer, entitled *Love's Ordeal*, which was very favourably criticised by the more authoritative oracles of the press; also a successful comedietta, called *The O'Flaherty's*, an adaptation of Lever's most diverting novel condensed into a three-act drama, yclept *Galway-go-Bragh*, a comedy named *Nature's above Art*, and a drama with the borrowed title of *Bonnie Dundee*. The two latter, hastily produced, were not successes. After his unfortunate secession from the management of Drury Lane we have still further proofs of Falconer's industry, which, when we consider the number and variety of its products, must be pronounced remarkable. He now went to America for a visit, which lasted three years, and where he produced three new successful dramas, and an adaptation of one of Ouida's novels, which was very successful, under the title of *Firefly*. Since his return, he has produced at the Princess's the successful Irish drama, *Eileen Oge*, an alteration of *Innisfallen*, more popularly called *Killarney*, and a new and original drama entitled *Gra-ma-chree*. During his absence in America, a drama-comedy of his, called *A Wife Well Won*, was successfully produced at the Haymarket. He may, in fine, be truly described as the successful author, since his advent to London in 1856, of three five-act plays in blank verse, five comedies, seven original dramas, and five either direct adaptations from novels or translations from the French, one entire libretto, and the greater part of the libretto of two other operas, two comediettas, and three farces, and two volumes of poems, the one called "Musings," the other "Murmurings." We know, too, that Mr. Falconer has in MS., ready for production, another five-act play in blank verse, and two dramas of the sensational school, so we may assume that on the score of industry alone he amply merited this latest demonstration of public appreciation. Mr. Falconer has never pandered either to the tastes of the vulgar or of the prurient. He is the legitimate successor of Sheridan Knowles, with a wider scope than was given to that accomplished dramatist. As a man he is widely honoured in artistic circles. Genuine and gentle, the younger men regard him with an esteem that approaches reverence; his contemporaries feel for him an ungrudging respect. Should he go to recruit his impaired health during the winter months among the shrines of art and poetry upon the Continent, we shall look forward to his return, recruited in body and re-inspired. Our stage has not so many writers of his skill and refinement that it can afford to lose sight of Edmund Falconer.

THE REASON OR INSTINCT OF DOGS.

I HAVE read with much interest the article in your paper about Bishop Colenso's dogs and their cleverness. I have four dogs, and, on the principle of everyone considering their geese swans, I fancy my pets will bear comparison with Denis, Tip and Flirtare two black-and-tan English terriers, Blucher is a magnificent jet black retriever, and Jimmy, the pickle of the family, is a Yorkshire terrier (at least the dog dealers told me so). My oldest favourite is Tip. During a severe illness, when the nurse slept on a sofa at the foot of my bed, he used, if he heard me moaning or restless in the night, to go and strike her face with his paws to awaken her, and, till she got up and came to my side, he would not be pacified. Blucher is well educated. If you place a biscuit on his nose and tell him a number, you may count backwards and forwards, but he will never throw it up unless you mention the number you first gave him. He will go back a quarter of a mile and fetch a stick that has been left in a tree. He is an excellent retriever (of the drawing-room books); for whatever I have been reading, or the last thing I have touched before leaving the room, I invariably find him struggling with on my return, having usually dragged it to the door. He is rather a bore in this way, as he will pick up anything, and, as he always gets very angry if he cannot get the whole of the article into his mouth at once, and bites it, fans, &c., suffer considerably. Jimmy is the most amusing of all; he completely rules the roast. When Blu performs his tricks at dessert James is frightfully jealous, and, if not held tight, will bite any part of Blu he can reach. His last vagary is, when Blu is sitting up "on trust," and looking as a big dog always does under those circumstances, Jim walks with stiffened tail round and round him, snarling and making little jumps at him, while poor Blu, not daring to move, watches him out of the corners of his eyes, and gets so utterly nervous that on being told to "catch" he misses the biscuit, which falls to the share of the thief James, who defies Blu, with much bad language, to take his rightful property. It is their regular custom every morning to bring all the slippers, shoes, letters, and papers they can discover in the room to me, which entails our having to hide all that kind of thing, as they often get hold of the same shoe, tugging at it with all their might, and neither will drop it. Some time ago Tip and Flirt took a great fancy to a stuffed kitten, which they used to worry, and which disappeared gradually, wires and all. I conclude the dogs thought a dose of iron tonic would do their digestions good; at any rate they have eaten the cat, bit by bit. The last remnants of poor puss was kept in a vase on the chimney-piece, and it is quite sufficient for anyone to put their hand on it for them instantly to make the most fearful noise, with twenty dogs' power. Jimmy had never seen this, but the other day, to my astonishment, the moment he saw my husband touch the vase he tried to jump up to it, and made the same fuss that the others do. This was the more extraordinary as neither Tip nor Flirt was in the room. Surely people can never say that dogs have not some means of communication with each other. I could tell many interesting stories of dogs' sagacity, but I fear to take up too much room in your charming paper, which always affords us such amusement. Since writing this James has been nearly bodily swallowed by Blucher; but he is so plucky that I fear the lesson will be quite useless.

E. L.

TATTERSALL'S.—There not being present sufficient members of the committee of Tattersall's Subscription-Room to form a quorum, the meeting appointed to be held on Monday last was postponed.

EARL COWPER AND HIS TENANTS.—The *Derby Mercury* announces that Earl Cowper, who inherited extensive estates in and around the town of Melbourne, Derbyshire, from the late Lady Palmerston, has given instructions to his agent to announce that, taking into consideration the extremely wet and unfavourable season, a return of 10 per cent. will be made upon their respective rents for the current year.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 433, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of inquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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Cheques crossed "UNION BANK."

OFFICE—198, STRAND, W.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. L.—Volteiger ran a dead heat with Russborough for the St. Leger, and the deciding heat was run off and won by the former.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Yes. He created the part of Digby Grant.

J. G. E.—We are, unfortunately, unable to oblige you. The MS. was "basketed."

J. T.—Any drawing or sketch which you may send will be accepted or otherwise, according to its merits.

SHOOTING.

HURLINGHAM.—(1) Paine challenged Bogardus, and they shot at Dexter Park, Chicago, on July 29, 1871. Bogardus won by four birds. (2) According to the rules of the Prairie Shooting Club "the shooter shall not be allowed to use a gun of larger calibre than that known as 10 bore."

THORNTON LUDLOW (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—Much obliged for your good opinion; there ought to be no difficulty in getting our paper from New York, as it is sold by all newsagents.

CHOKE-BORE.—Mr. Greener, St. Mary's Works, Birmingham, is the address.

A SCOTCH SHEEP FARMER.—You are wrong in your estimate. For instance, the shootings of Glen-Urqhart were, in 1836, let for £100; they now produce a rental of over £2000. We could quote numerous other instances of the profit derivable from game-preserving versus sheep-farming.

CANINE.

F. A.—(1) We will endeavour to do what we can for you. (2) Give the pup a teaspoonful of castor oil three times a week.

W. WHITEHORN, JUN., AND HIS DOG.—A relapse of the disease could only be expected from your injudicious treatment. He now appears to be suffering from debility, all his strength being expended in battling with the complaint. Keep him very warm, feed him with nourishing and strengthening food, and give him one of the following pills night and morning: Sulphate of iron, 6 grains; quinine, 12 grains; powdered ginger, 18 grains; extract of gentian, 24 grains. The above ingredients are sufficient for twelve pills. Write again in ten days and report progress.

F. C.—Your letter is too personal to be published without your consent to have your name published as well. We do not wish to encourage anonymous attacks upon the fair name of any man.

J. FRANCIS.—The entries were advertised to close on the 20th.

CANKER.—Take extract of lead, 1 drachm, olive oil, 5 drachms, and drop 30 drops in twice a day. Give castor oil every other day. Keep the ear well washed.

GOODE, GAINSFORD, & CO., BOROUGH, S.E.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Sketches of important events in the Sporting World and in connection with the Drama will, if used, be liberally paid for.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 4, 1875.

under Matt Dawson's eye, Archer has been enabled to avoid many of those pitfalls and snares which too often beset the path of a popular and successful rider.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," are all-important aids in forming the characters of youngsters for the most part humbly born, and turned loose, at a most critical period of their lives, among all sorts of dangers and temptations; and fortunate are they whose lot has been cast in places where honourable influences and high-minded principles have been brought to bear upon their actions.

So far success has not spoiled Archer, nor is there much possibility of his going astray as long as he remains bound to such a master as the Heath House trainer, whose employers mostly fly at the higher game of the turf, and deem it beneath their dignity to be mixed up in any of those scandalous transactions which mar the fair fame of all connected with them.

To be associated with the colours of Lord Falmouth is high honour for a stripling, and the surest earnest of advancement in life. And when the confidence of owners is shown by a struggle for Archer's services in the great races of the year as well as in light-weight competitions, it is evident that this year's senior wrangler among jockeys should never look behind him again. Constable is again well to the fore, but nearly a "century" behind Archer; and, though at one time we rather trembled for his future, we may hope that the critical corner has been at last turned, and that he has shaken himself free from the trammels of that noxious swarm perpetually buzzing around the honeyed results of success. Close at his heels comes the north-country lad, Bruckshaw, who by sheer merit has worked his way thus high up the tree, with no aristocratic connections to give him a leg up, yet with a good proportion of wins to mounts. Young Newhouse we are glad to see retaining his old form; but, considering his weight, Goater's return is most remarkably successful—less than every third mount having produced a winner to his skilful manipulation. Weedon, Cooke, and Glover are all clever lads, and with plenty of power in the saddle—the latter especially, who gave us a rare taste of his quality on more than one occasion. Cannon has long been enrolled among the heavy weights, but no jockey has improved more with practice, and, in place of the rather weak and over-anxious lad, we now see the finished jockey, with fine seat and hands, and full of strength and determination. That rising youth Morgan alone separates John Day's son-in-law from George Fordham, whose testimonial will be a national one, and who has been before the public, we are afraid to say for how many years, and their prime favourite throughout.

C. Wood leaves off, as they say on 'Change, "strong and in good demand;" and there is plenty of rising talent making its way steadily upwards, sprinkled here and there with some of the "good old sort," just to give ballast to the list, and to show that, in spite of increasing years and weight, integrity and civility will still be served, and that old heads will occasionally outstrip youth and activity in the race.

We rejoice to see such men as Challoner, Custance, John Osborne, Fordham, and others of the old school still holding their own among the boys, and in their own quiet way measuring swords successfully against youth and fashion in the big races. No Derby or St. Leger field would seem quite complete without the two grave-looking Middleham jockeys, the evergreen "Cussy" of dry humour and witty repartee, and the Demon with his outre seat and peculiarly "dazed" expression of face. Taking them altogether, we fancy that, while fully equal in point of ability to their predecessors, "our jockeys" of the present day are better representatives of their class than the upstart race which better suited the requirements of the plunging era ten years ago. We hear less of that absurdly foolish system of remuneration for services which fairly turned the heads of the weaker brethren and diverted their minds from the business of life to all manner of extravagances in costume, address, and deportment. We hear less of valets and followers than in the old Hastings days, when the spoiled pets of profligate masters would have constituted themselves arbiters of taste in the matter of cigars, champagne, and dress; and when silken pygmies presumed to dictate to employers, instead of receiving orders with the deference due from servants in their position. Jockeys of the present day "know their places," as the saying goes, and, barring a few inevitable black sheep, the flock is well tended and cared for by its masters, without allowing any undue liberties to be taken by subordinates. The motto of "a short life and a merry one" has been found by sad experience to lead to certain and speedy destruction, and hence jockeys are content to burn the candle at one end only, putting by sufficient from their earnings for a reasonable enjoyment of the good things of this life, after increasing weight or desire for retirement from active service have lessened their attachment for the "rapture of the strife." There is something less ephemeral and more stable in the "story of their lives," for they find it worth their while, in the present great demand for professional talent, to persevere in their calling, content to pick up the crumbs which civil bearing and respectability ensure for them at the hands of owners who prefer "well recorded worth" to fashionable introductions of modern and sensational standing. But we think that no jockey, except he unites with his calling as rider the additional profession of trainer, should so far trespass beyond the just limits of his state in life as subordinate, as to become owner, either solely or in part, of any animal the interests of which may clash with those of his employers. There has been of late a widespread and, we consider, a justifiable feeling of dissatisfaction among owners of horses upon this point; and if the practice is carried much further there is not unlikely to arise a demand for reformation addressed to higher quarters, where it is bound to meet with deserved reprobation by the authorities who govern the destinies of the turf. Jockeys should be content with serving honourably, instead of assuming the rôle of masters, and thus placing themselves in positions of doubtful relationship with those whose colours they have been retained to support. If a jockey possesses the means and inclination to uphold a stable of his own let him sail under true colours, and proceed at once to identify

himself with owners, shaking off the name and profession of a paid rider. We refrain from mentioning names which have been instanced to us as cases in point, and we trust to the good sense of those who have so far forgotten their position either to abstain from riding as professionals or at once to sever all connection even with "one leg" of any horse in training.

THE BIG GAME OF NORWAY.

By "STRAXT."
T H E E L K.

WHAT the twelfth of August is to the owner or lessee of a moor in Scotland, the first day of that month is to the sportsman in Norway who means to go in for the sport, *par excellence*, of the country, reindeer-hunting. And from the same date, but under very different conditions, and subject to certain exceptional legal provisions, elk and red-deer may be shot up to the end of October. The season for reindeer, however, extends to the end of March. As a general rule, to which, however, there are a few exceptions, you may shoot reindeer wherever you are lucky enough to find them. In certain districts, however, and more especially in the neighbourhood of the Sogne Fjord, men have secured exclusive legal rights by the payment of a small sum of money, and in other parts have built huts upon the fields to which they go regularly every year, and, though possibly having no legal status, have so far established themselves that no real sportsman would think of interfering with them. In some cases a small nominal rent is paid for the ground on which the hut is built, but this is not always the case. The reason a man builds a hut is that it saves the bother of taking a tent about, though with a tent you have the advantage of not being so much tied to one district.

Before proceeding with my notes on the different kinds of deer to be met with in Scandinavia, there is one matter on which I wish to say a few words, as there exists a good deal of confusion on the subject in the matter of nomenclature. This arises from the representatives of the deer family being known by different names in Europe and on the other side of the Atlantic. I am always being asked by friends from Canada what I mean when I am talking about elk-hunting, for instance; so I may as well begin by clearing up a difficulty at once. The elk, as we call it, is the moose of North America. Its name in Norsk is *Els-dyr*, and it is known to zoologists by the same appellation (*Cervus alces*) in both countries. The *Hjort* (*Cervus elaphus*), called by us red-deer, corresponds to the wapiti (*Cervus Canadensis*) of America, and is there vulgarly called an elk. This explains the confusion to which I have alluded. The reindeer (lexicographers may spell the word differently, but I decline to) is the caribou of Canada. Having thus cleared the way, I will now proceed to take the only three varieties of deer recognised by the game laws of Norway seriatim, though I may as well mention here that both fallow and roe-deer are protected in Sweden.

The time during which elk may be killed is, as I have mentioned, a very limited one; but I am sure that it would be a good thing in the interests of future sport if the period of three months were still further reduced. A useful provision to which I have before drawn attention when writing about salmon-fishing is applicable to the present state of things. According to the law of 1863 the local authorities of any district can petition the King to sanction the preservation of elk during the whole year for any period not exceeding ten years. The authorities, so far as I know, have not yet taken advantage of their opportunities in Norway, though in parts of Sweden—in Göteborg and Bohus, for instance—they have done so. It is no business of mine to offer advice to the representatives of a foreign people; but that elk will soon become all but exterminated in Norway unless something is done is a fixed idea which I share with more than one friend of large experience. We are getting into very much the same state as we were in about fifty years ago, when elk were getting so scarce in the country, that a special law was passed prohibiting the killing of an elk for a period, I believe, of something like twenty years. What elk are killed now are almost invariably what, in speaking of red-deer, we should call little better than brockets, and during the last few years I have only heard of one being shot with a head that would entitle the animal to be described as "warrantable," and this one was killed under exceptional circumstances. In certain parts of the country there are extensive tracts of forest-land, known as Government forests, which are preserved very much in the same way as the New Forest in Hampshire is by the Office of Woods and Forests or as Dartmoor is by the Duchy of Cornwall. On the outskirts of such a forest some friends of mine were hunting elk three years ago. The Government forest was forbidden ground to the sportsmen, who had, however, the exclusive right to the property over which they hunted. Among other things not allowable in this forest was the pursuit of game. The consequence was that elk, as well as other animals protected by the game laws, increased and multiplied. One patriarch of the forest, however, one day was so injudicious as to take his walks abroad beyond the line of demarcation, and so brought upon his own head an abrupt termination to a career much above the average in duration. He was, unfortunately, killed in a very hot season, and at about the hottest time of it, so that the head as a trophy could not be preserved as a whole, with the skin and hair on; but the antlers and skull were sent to Scotland for preservation.

When talking with friends about elk-hunting, I generally find myself expected to answer a string of questions offhand, of which the following is a fair sample:—"I say, tell me how long do elk live? How do you get leave to shoot them? What do they weigh?" And so on. Let me now give to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS the information I should give in answer to such a querist, as in that way I fancy I can best serve any possible reader of my notes. An elk is generally supposed to enjoy life for a period of about fifteen years or a little more, but never to exceed a limit of twenty years. This seems a short lease of life when compared with the stories of old foresters on the subject of the longevity of the red-deer, whose age is currently put down at three times that of man. I have no intention of disputing such a statement, as I have had next to nothing in the way of experience in the matter, and it would be an almost impossibility for any outsider to attempt to verify the statement. If I were to try to do so, I should feel very much as if I were conducting myself like an old gentleman whose acquaintance I made when I was first introduced to the study of the Greek language. This individual, if I remember rightly, began life by riding on horseback when crossing a river in a ferry-boat in order to get home more rapidly; then, when he wanted to dispose of his house, produced a single brick as a sample of the mansion and its fittings; and, when in his dotage, bought a young parrot, because he had heard that parrots lived a hundred years, and he was as sceptical on the subject as the man who disputes the rotundity of the earth is on that pet hobby of his that he is riding so hard to death. So I will say nothing more on the subject of the age to which an elk can attain, and my previous remarks are quite sufficient to indicate that I only wish he might be allowed to prove that he

is capable of living as long as an average horse, though I never expect the animal to outdo two centenarians or three ordinary long lives; and I'm afraid I shall not be there to see such an event, should it ever come to pass. As to the weight to which an elk can attain I can say little from practical knowledge, and the fact that no big ones have ever been weighed in my presence, either whole or in such parts that I could form anything like an estimate of what a full-grown adult would weigh when fresh killed, must be my excuse for not expressing any decided opinion. Authorities on the subject put down the minimum weight of a full-grown animal at not less than four hundredweight, and talk of some being killed up to double that weight. Some three years ago I was present at the cutting up of an elk which had been killed under circumstances that might be thought peculiar, but which, in fact, were not so when the habits of the animal and his ideas on the subject of food are considered. This was at Gjøvig, on the Mjøsen Lake, a place which I have before mentioned when writing about a little difficulty that procured me an introduction to a local police magistrate some years ago. The case was this: If there is one thing that an elk cannot resist in the way of food it is young growing corn, before the grain, whatever it is, has begun to harden. Wild as he is, susceptible of the slightest sound, keen of sight, and always relying on his range of vision, an elk—and more especially a young and inexperienced animal—is always coming to grief because he cannot control himself and his appetite in one particular matter. With the incident which I am now about to relate I will conclude this paper, as I can hardly do fair justice to a rather exceptionally good subject in one notice.

The *locus in quo* was, as I have said before, Gjøvig, on the Mjøsen Lake. Gjøvig is a small town—in England it would be an average village—and the prosperous mill-owners of the place, who, of course, are farmers, either on a large or small scale, make the best use they can both of a small stream which runs into the lake and of some very good agricultural land close at hand. When I arrived there, one day in August, I was told that an elk had been found in a man's grounds early in the morning, and that it was then dead, and I was invited to inspect what the late Tom Hood would have called "the deer departed." What I have to tell on the matter more concerns the possible weight of an elk. The animal that I found dead, and being cut up into joints that would puzzle both a sportsman and a butcher, was certainly not more than three years old. He had made a mistake that morning in a private garden, where he wasn't wanted. He was treated as a trespasser, and, being out of his own district, he lost his head, just like a hare that has been compelled to take a line of her own when pushed beyond the limit of her usual outings. The poor beast got very much hustled when he tried to get away; but he was ultimately knocked on the head, whilst trying to swim across the lake, by a boy in a boat, who brought his capture home. What the weight of the animal entire was I cannot say, but I bought what would correspond to a round of beef which formed part of him when he was being cut up. The weight of that animal, young as he was, could not have been much less than double what a red-deer of mature age would have come up to. His haunch, though not properly treated in the way of cutting, was between 60lb and 70lb in weight; and it is hardly necessary for me to mention that a haunch of venison that exceeds 35lb is more than good enough for a Royal banquet. I sent about 20lb of the meat home to England; but the weather was against me, and my friend to whom I sent it was unable to try it.

(To be continued.)

—
CHESS NURSERY RHYMES.
I.
Sing a song of editors
Making faces wry;
Twenty-four apologies
In a humble pie.
When the pie was eaten
Everybody said,
Why was such a dirty dish
Before the public spread?
II.
Humpty Dumpty bought a review,
Humpty Dumpty printed it too;
All Humpty's malice and all Humpty's pique
Can never surpass his magnificent cheek,
Or make us believe he wrote that critique.
III.
Ride a cock-horse down by Charing-cross,
To see a fat German get on the high horse;
With ink on his fingers and smut on his nose,
He must blacken his neighbours wherever he goes.
Air—"A frog he would a wooing go."
O! Humpty would a-reviewing go;
Heigh-ho! says Humpty.
He had that to say that was thought too low
For the field, where he has a weekly show:
With his roly-poly and German sausage,
Heigh-ho! says Editor Humpty.
He swore to himself an oath, "Py Cott!"
Heigh-ho! says Humpty;
"For dese English players I will make it hot;
I will run amuck at de blessed lot
Vid my roly-poly and German sausage.
Heigh-ho! says pot-valiant Humpty.
I don't care vedder de quarrel is just—
Heigh-ho! says Humpty—
Or vedder 'tis not, I vill give 'em a thrust;
Vot * * * * * vill not take, vy * * * * * must;
Vid my roly-poly and German sausage.
Heigh-ho! says rampagous Humpty.
Von de lot has written a book;
Heigh-ho! says Humpty.
No German can longer such impudence brook;
So I'll hint I could easily give him a rook,
Vid my roly-poly and German sausage.
Heigh-ho! says Bobadil Humpty.
And if von among them says he can play—
Heigh-ho! says Humpty—
I'll be down on him for a year and a day;
He shall hear how a genuine donkey can bray,
Vid his roly-poly and German sausage.
Heigh-ho! says asinine Humpty.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[Advt.]

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from Hermit, W. A. P., The Casual, A. H. W. A. P.—A problem is, of course, wrong if Black by any play can protract the mate beyond the stipulated number of moves. White must be able to force mate against Black's best defence.
A. H.—Mr. T. Hazeon's problem, given in our last, is quite correct.
A. JOHNSON.—The problem commencing with 1. R to Kt 6 is neat, but it can, unfortunately, be solved also by 1. R to Kt 7. The other position is too easy; besides, it admits of a second solution, by 1. R to K Kt 4.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from A. Johnson, W. C. Bowyer, I. S. T., J. T. Naylor.
Y. C. Y., Oxford.—There is no mate in one move. Look again at the position.
A. JOHNSON.—Many thanks for the problems.
W. C. BOWYER.—Cannot your problem be solved by 1. B takes B?

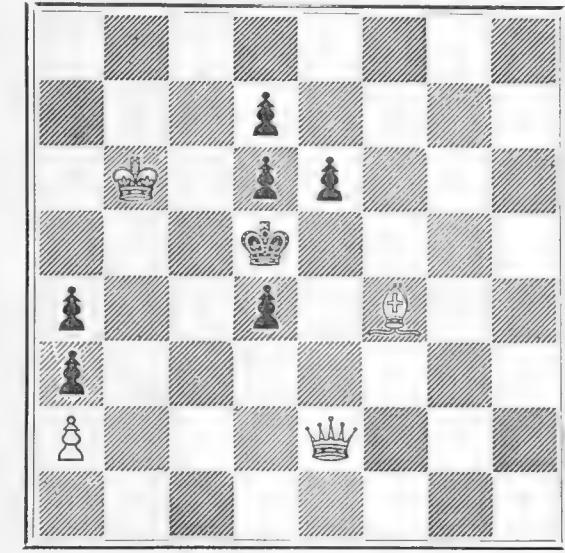
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 76.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 4 K takes P 2. R to Q 7 (ch) K moves
3. Q mates.

PROBLEM NO. 77.

By Mr. C. E. CARPENTER.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following interesting game between Dr. Lindehn, the well-known Swedish player, and Mr. Elson was recently contested at the Philadelphia Chess Club.

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

WHITE (Dr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Dr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	25. P to Q Kt 4 (c)	Q Kt to Q 2
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	26. B to Q R 6	B takes Q Kt P
3. Kt to K B 3	P to Q 4 (a)	27. R takes K R P	R to K Kt sq
4. P takes P	B to Q 3	28. R to K R 3	R takes Q P
5. P to Q 4	P to K Kt 4	29. Kt takes Kt	K takes R
6. P to K R 4	B to K Kt 5	30. R to Q Kt 3 (ch)	K to Kt 3
7. B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to Q 2	31. Kt to K 7 (d)	P to K 3
8. P takes Kt P	B takes Kt	32. Kt takes R	P takes Kt
9. Q takes B	Q takes Kt P	33. R to K 3	P to Q B 4
10. P to Q B 4	P to Q Kt 3	34. R takes B	R to B 2
11. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K B 3	35. R to K 6	R to K Kt sq
12. P to Q B 5 (b)	P takes P	36. B to Q 3	Kt to Q 4
13. P takes P	B takes P	37. B takes P	R to K B sq
14. Q B takes P	Q to K Kt 5	38. P to Q B 5	K to Q 2
15. Castles (Q R)	Q takes Q	39. R to Q R 6	R to Q R sq
16. P takes Q	B to Q 3	40. P to K B 6	Kt to Kt 5
17. B to K Kt 5	K to B sq	41. R to R 5	P to Q B 5
18. B to R 6 (ch)	K to K 2	42. P to Q R 3	Kt to Q B 3
19. Q R to K sq	K to Q sq	43. R to Q B 5	K to Q 3
20. B to K Kt 5	K to Q B sq	44. R takes P	Kt to K 4
21. B to Q R 6 (ch)	K to Kt sq	45. B to K B 4	K to Q 4
22. R to K R 4	R to K Kt sq	46. B takes Kt	K takes R
23. P to K B 4	Kt to Q R 4	47. P to B 7, and Black resigned.	
24. B to Q B 4	R to K Kt 3		

NOTES.

(a) A simple and excellent defence against the gambit.
(b) Well timed. From this point White has a marked superiority in position.
(c) This and the subsequent moves are very cleverly played by Dr. Lindehn.
(d) This would have been more effective had it been played on the previous move.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. POTTER AND ZUKERTORT.—In this match Mr. Zukertort has won two games to Mr. Potter's one, seven having been drawn. As, however, it was arranged that all the drawn games after the first five should score half a game to each player, the actual score at present stands Zukertort, 3½; Potter, 2½; Drawn, 3.

NEW WORK ON CHESS by the late Mr. Staunton will shortly be published by Messrs. Virtue and Co. It contains an elaborate history of the game, a treatise on end games, and an analysis of the openings.

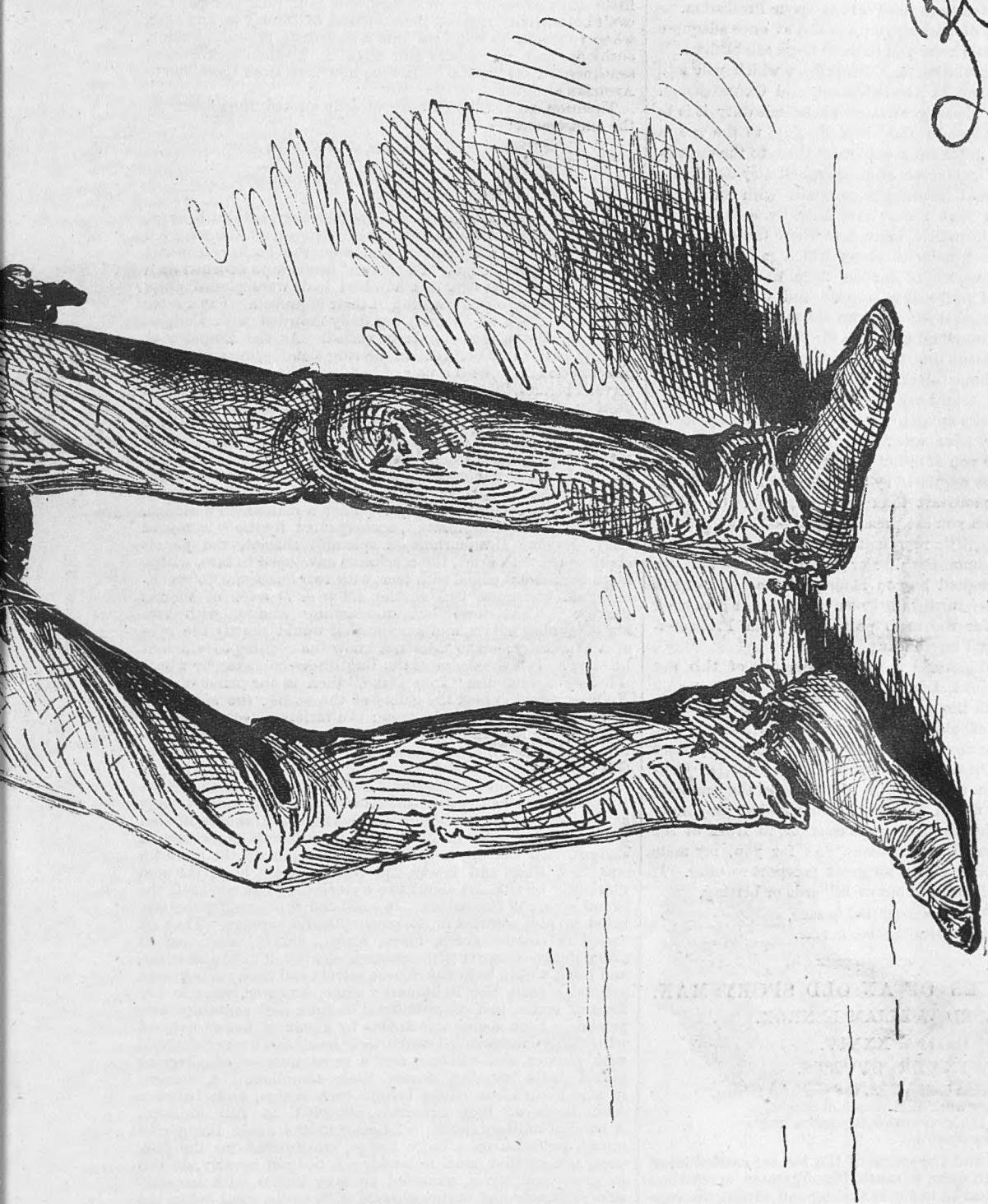
MR. BIRD IN AMERICA.—Mr. Bird, the well-known English player, left for America last week, and during his stay will doubtless take an opportunity of measuring his strength against the leading New York players.

MR. CHARLES COLLETTE.

Or Irish extraction, this energetic young comedian was born possessed of a strong bent for the humorous. Combining the natural vivacity of the hereditary Celtic bondsman with the indomitable perseverance of the Saxon, he can twirl a shillelagh as intrepidly as Brian the Brave and play the Hieland bagpipes with a fervour unsurpassed by John Brown. Not satisfied with concentrating within the scope of his individual grasp all the most interesting characteristics of the shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, he has also contrived to make himself master of the African banjo. He has likewise distinguished himself as a tamer of the octopus, having once risked his life in the attempt to convert a more than usually barbarous specimen of that race. As a cornet in the 4th Dragoon Guards he has served his country well and ably upon the arid plains of Hindostan, where he acquired a variety of useful and entertaining knowledge. To descend to the milder arts of peace, it must not be forgotten that he was also at one time a contributor of sketches and jokes to the comic periodicals. It is, however, as an actor that the public chiefly know him. Almost from the commencement of the brilliant career of the Prince of Wales Theatre up to the present year he has been a popular member of the Marie Wilton company. He has now left his own theatrical home in order to play the *Cryptocoelichthysphonostomata*, under the management of Mr. Henderson and in company with Lionel Brough and Lydia Thompson. His farce with the brief title is mainly composed of very clever patter songs of his own writing, and should be seen by all who have seen it not. Between ourselves, his playing of the bagpipes is most extraordinary—most extraordinary.

GEORGE FORDHAM has ridden 2159 winners since his first appearance in public in 1851.





11/2
Balnear

Mr. Charles Collette as "Plantafunkh" in
"The Gypotomekayphonwana."

THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

IX.—WALKING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

You will I treat together, as I have ever found you docile, tractable, and without petty jealousies. Besides which, so similar are your duties that to devote to each of you a separate chapter were a wanton waste of time.

Custom hath made you a little lower than the Utility People; but, both in the dramatic and social scale, you are higher than the Supers. There are those of the profane vulgar who call you walking-sticks, which hath no meaning in it, but is simply a feeble jest made to please the ear of the foolish. I will admit, nevertheless, that sufficient notice has not been taken of you, and that you have been left altogether without the sound and scholarly advice of the critics, the which sad omission I account for in this way: the critic at the play is so intimately acquainted with the manager, author, and principal performers, every one of whom he either loves with a great love or hates with a great hatred, that in his arduous labour of apportioning praise and blame to friends and enemies, he hath no leisure wherein to speak of you.

Nevertheless, your functions are of great moment. You represent Society for the million. From you (and from the woodcuts in the *London Journal*) are the common people shown how, in marble halls, in princely palaces, and in ladies' boudoirs those deport themselves who are placed in authority over them. The graces inherited from a remote ancestry, the tone acquired by mixing with the best sets, the very air and flavours of Courts—these it is your precious privilege to set forth and illustrate.

A certain gentleman named John Ufflet did, in the year of grace 1659, publish a little book entitled "Wits Fancies." It contains choice observations on a variety of philosophical, social, and political subjects. Among his precepts is one which I would impress upon you. It is this: "Art can never attain to nature's perfection, imitate it never so near, though our esteem prefers it; and seeing it gets a little by emulation, attribute much more unto it." From which, if you have a particle of logic in you, you will see the uselessness of studying that which you are supposed to imitate, and the necessity of having a plan of your own.

It is not to be expected that you, who live humbly over a greengrocer's, will have had much experience of Belgravian circles; which is a reason additional to that of Mr. Ufflet's maxim why you should evolve from your inner consciousness a code of manners and customs conformable to your preconceived notions.

Or should you lack the ingenuity requisite for this task, then from the front of the house note closely how your contemporaries act their parts. You will see with what ease, finish, and polish those who have never been even presented at Court can reproduce with infinite similitude the ways of the upper circles. Nor be frightened lest your condition should prevent you; because there is a passage in Pepys's Diary, which I have not committed to memory, but which expresses the surprise he felt upon entering the green-room for the first time on seeing how mean those looked when off the stage, who upon it made a very brave show.

That I may avoid confusion, and to make matters simple to you, I will take an illustration the more easily to apply my directions; and as there is no scene in the whole round of them wherein there is demanded of you a more lavish display of those graces with which nature has endowed you and those elegancies which you have acquired by art than the ball-room, I will select that as my illustration.

When you enter the room, if you be a lady, look out upon the audience with an expression of great weariness. This is meant out of no disrespect for them, and evinces on your part no unwillingness to serve them, but shows that feeling of languor which is proper to the position which you are filling. Then glance down at your shoulders, upon which no expenditure of chalk or flour will be considered excessive; except, indeed, by that partner of yours against whose shoulder you may rub.

When you are about to sit down look well upon the chair. Property-men are careless, and it will not do for you to spoil a dress which hath cost the management money. Smooth down the folds of your robe behind, that it may not be rumpled. Every crease in a valuable habit is a decrease of the manager's property. Arrange with great frequency and much assiduity the stage bracelet which you wear upon your arm and the stage necklace that is wound round your alabaster throat. When you are tired of gazing at yourself and upon the audience bestow some attention upon your brethren and sisters. To them you may whisper pleasantly, giggling the while. This will show you to be at ease, which is the greatest test of social condition.

When you are asked to dance it will be at such time as all the others upon the stage are accepting similar invitations, so that you will not have much difficulty about it. As the audience is at some distance, be careful that you exaggerate all your actions, or they will not be noticed at all. Thus, as an intimation of your desire to accede to the request of him who has asked you, imitate the action of those whom you have seen in pictures kissing the extended digits of her gracious Majesty.

Your method of dancing you will have acquired in Soho. Nor can I think of any district in all London where you are more likely to discover establishments teaching that identical system of saltatory exercise which it is most desirable to see upon our stage.

There is a great art in taking a cup of coffee, which refreshment is handed round with an astonishing frequency in modern works. Be sure and hold the cup out from you at half arm's length, craning your neck out to meet it. Because in that way you will be sure to prevent any of it finding its way on to your dress. When you are done with it place the cup upon the floor beside you. You have not had time to take off your gloves, and a holding of the Oriental decoction may stain them.

In the handling of a fan there is much science. But, for the life of you, be brisk in the movement of it, and not languid. For, if a fan have any use, it is to cool one; and it follows that

by the ardent plying of it you will get cooler in less time than by a slow and so-called graceful movement.

The Walking Gentleman is permitted a greater sprightliness than the lady. You must enter smirking at the audience. The lady takes relief from the gaze of the many-headed by glancing at her shoulders. You will find it in investigating your glove. This is the more advisable as the gloves are usually of the worst possible quality. Should the gauntlet burst, thrust your hand under your coat-tail or into your breeches-pocket, that the audience be not insulted by the sight of so unseemly a rent. Though, should you observe that the accident hath already been marked by some one, conceal not your blushing or biting of the lip, for that will show that you too are grieved at the occurrence, and would have avoided it if you could.

As a general rule I would recommend the Walking Lady to imitate, at a respectful distance, the Leading Lady. But be not an emulator of her, but rather an humble shadow and modest reflection; for by too excellent a degree of acting thou mightest spoil that picture in which thou art essential, but not principal.

The Walking Gentleman will find his model in the Jeune Premier. But here, too, there must be exercised the greatest caution; for there is nothing in the world so certain as this—that if a whole stageful of walking gentlemen were to imitate with great fidelity the manners of the Jeune Premier (which are, in a word, the very manners of those in the highest circles of society), it would become noised abroad that a number of noblemen had taken to histrionism as a profession. By which rumour a very great injury would be done to the aristocracy of this country, and a very great injustice to that which, for you, stands higher even than the Peerage—your Profession.

With greater hope of finding you a model at once adequate and inoffensive I would refer you to those large establishments instituted for the circulation of haberdashery which you will find in great numbers in Regent-street and Oxford-street. You will see in such places gentlemen whose sole duty it is to perambulate the spaces of the shop, bowing to the grand dames who come to purchase, conducting them to the department where the particular class of goods which they desire are to be discovered, and handing them chairs with an air far surpassing anything that I ever saw done by a Duke—ay, even of the blood Royal. I know not where these ineffable creatures obtain the wonderful secret which makes them so bland and so courteous, which enables them to blend in one action humility and patronage, respect and condescension. But this I do know, that there is no school to which I can more confidently recommend you than the shop, and no model of dress and deportment that I would sooner present for your imitation than the shop-walker.

If you have read aright my sentence about natural acting founded on Mr. Ufflet's opinion that time spent by artists in copying nature is thrown away, there is no necessity that I should say a word to you of either sex about your by-play.

Your byplay will be regulated by the accident of the moment. And it requires no more art than dram-drinking. So I beg and pray of you when you are preached to about this unjustly termed essential in artistic representation, to pay no attention whatever to such admonitions. For generations you have by the method now adopted by you made glad the heart of the public. Be not easily turned into new grooves, nor give heed to doctrines which for the most part come from France—a country of infidels and republicans.

Since giving to the world the initial chapters of this my Hornbook for Histrions, I have been applied to by letter by many connected with the profession as to what they must do when the accidents of old age, sickness, and the like prevent them from following any more the calling by which they have made a livelihood. On such matters it is difficult to advise. Continued devotion to an art generally incapacitates the professor thereof for merely useful callings. The walking lady may find occupation in her decline as a dresser, or, in front of the house as a dispenser of programmes. As for you, my male friend in the same line, I have no great prospect to offer. If you cannot make a livelihood out of billiards or betting,

Then thou must God forsake,
And to stealing thee betake.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WINTER SPORTS.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sports
And revelry dissolved.

So wrote Thomson, and the sports of the ice are carried on at the present day with quite as much, if not greater, spirit than they were in his—that is, as far as skating and curling are concerned. Sledging is almost unknown in the United Kingdom, although we believe the Queen possessed a sledge and there are a few in the northern counties. During the winter I passed at Quebec I found sledging one of the greatest amusements. We established a driving club called the "Q.D.C." (Quebec Driving Club), which the wags interpreted "Quem Deus conservat." Our society gave rise to a great many squibs and caricatures, and among others appeared an illustrated epic poem called the "Q.D.C." ("Queer Devil Club"). Four of the doggrel lines will furnish a specimen of the author's talent:

Hark! I hear the sound of coaches;
On every side the noise approaches.
Said I coaches? Oh, I mistake;
I carriages for coaches take.

Winter in Quebec is the season of general amusement. The clear frosty weather no sooner commences than business is laid aside and pleasure reigns supreme. By means of their carriages the Canadians transport themselves over the snow from place to place in the most agreeable manner, and with a degree of swiftness which appears almost incredible; for with the same horse I travelled from Quebec to Montreal in three days, so light is the draught of one of these vehicles, and so favourable is the snow to the feet of the horses. The sledge is

calculated to hold two persons, with a box in front for the driver, or one behind for a groom, and it is usually drawn by one horse; if two are made use of they are put tandem fashion, as the track, in most places out of the town, will not admit of their going abreast. The shape of the carriage varies according to fancy, and it was a matter of emulation among the members of our driving club who should have the handsomest one. They are of two distinct kinds, however—the open and the covered. The former is usually like the body of a light cabriolet, or dennet, placed upon two iron runners or slides, similar in shape to a pair of skates; the latter consists of the body of a chariot, or coach, fixed to runners in the same manner, both being entirely lined with furs. In Canada—I speak of the time I was there—single ladies thought nothing of taking a seat in the sledge of a bachelor, although to drive with him on wheels during the summer would be deemed an outrage on the usages of society. Our club used to meet once a week in the open space in front of the château, since burnt down, and, after parading through all the principal streets, proceed to some gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, or to some rural inn, where a picnic took place. After the meal dancing commenced, and was kept up with spirit until about nine o'clock, when we returned home. The carriages glide over the snow with great smoothness, and so little noise do they make that is necessary to have a number of bells attached to the harness. I know no better way of winding up this slight sketch of Canadian sledging than by quoting the opinion of the immortal Sam Slick upon the subject:—"A little tiny scrumptious-lookin' sly, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of onions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin' for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatherin'-time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and her lips—the one lookin' right into you and the other talkin' right at you—is e'en almost enough to drive one ravin' tarin' distracted mad with pleasure, ain't it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin' oneself speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horse, and then whop you both go, capsized into a snowdrift together—skins, cushions, and all; this is fun alive!" To the Clockmaker's sentiments I say "ditto." Let me now turn from Canadian to Austrian sledging.

Thomson, from whom I have already quoted, thus describes the amusement:—

Nor less the northern coasts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager on rapid sleds
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course.

And I saw the above realised, early in February, 1815, in Vienna, when the streets were crowded with sledges, all the wheeled carriages having disappeared, and even the hackney-coaches were hung upon sledges. The horses' heads were adorned with plumes, while from fifty to a hundred bells were placed upon their shoulders to give warning of their approach. The Prater (the Hyde Park of Vienna) was daily crowded with sledges, the equipages being singularly varied. As the Emperor of Austria passes in one direction, driving the Empress in a neat phaeton on skates, with a pair of handsome horses, and a single servant behind, Count Troutmannsdorf, Master of the Horse, is passing the contrary way, with a barouche-sledge and four. Immediately before the Emperor a fiacre, hired by some tradesman to take his wife and family to the Augarten, impedes the Imperial progress; while behind is the tandem-sledge of a young English nobleman. Next follows an open landau-sledge, with four horses; it contains the King of Prussia and three of his diplomatic corps. Then a real Russian sledge, containing the Czar himself, accompanied by the Viceroy of Italy, Eugène Beauharnois—a splendid chariot, the panels emblazoned with arms, the coachman enveloped in furs, with a huge cocked-hat edged with lace, with two chasseurs, in green-and-gold costumes, two of the *crème de la crème* of Vienna society. That neat but unassuming sledge, with two high-stepping horses, and harness that would gratify the eyes of a Worcester;—who does not know the country to which it belongs? It is the sledge of the English Ambassador, by whose side may be seen the "Iron Duke," then in the prime of life. Nothing could exceed the gaiety of the scene; the splendour of the richly-caparisoned horses; the variety of colours of the plumes; the furs and cloths that decked the sledges, the costumes of the different personages that figured in them, Germans from all parts, Italians, French, Greeks, Danes, Armenians, Poles, Russians, Turks, and English. The Emperor, anxious to afford the crowned heads as much variety as possible, and to provide amusement for the strangers, invited his nobility to assist in forming a magnificent procession of sledges. On the day appointed for this parade the morning was fine, clear, and frosty, the sky intensely blue, the sun gloriously bright. At about two o'clock the procession left the grand square of the palace. It consisted of about fifty sledges, fitted up and adorned in the most splendid manner. They all varied in colour—green, black, brown, yellow, blue, red of every shade—covered with ornamental work of gold and silver, and lined within with the richest velvets and furs. They were generally built like light cars; some, however, were in the form of swans, and other fanciful designs, and contained two persons. Each sledge was drawn by a pair of horses, covered with richly-embroidered cloths, their heads and necks decorated with plumes and ribbons, and a great number of silver or gilded bells hanging across their shoulders. A servant in a rich fur cloak stood behind each sledge, and between each three or four equerries attended in full uniform. A band of military music, belonging to the noble Hungarian guard, preceded on a large sledge, constructed for the purpose, and another band followed. A body of cavalry, decked in green and silver, mounted on grey horses, with leopard-skin shabrack and bridles covered with shells, went before the whole, while another escort of cuirassiers closed the procession. This brilliant cortége passed and repassed through all the principal streets of Vienna, then, leaving the town, proceeded to a palace of the Emperor at some distance, where a magnificent dinner and a theatrical performance had been prepared. At ten o'clock the procession returned by torchlight. As it approached over the glacis and open space between the walls of the city and its suburbs the effect was peculiarly striking—the crowd being covered with deep snow, the night just such a one as Juliet wished for, "a black-brow'd night," and the winding course of the procession marked like a stream of fire by the flames of the moving torches. I was fortunate enough, as an attaché to the Duke of Wellington, to have a seat in the Master of the Horse's sledge, and a more delightful day I never spent.

The game of curling may justly be regarded as one of the national amusements of Scotland. It is practised in the winter, during frost, and consists in sliding stones along the ice to a particular mark, in some degree bearing a resemblance to the game of bowls. The stones employed are made from blocks of winstone or granite of a close texture, and capable of taking a fine polish. They are of a spherical form, flattened above and below, so that their breadth may be nearly equal to twice their thickness. The upper and under surfaces are made

parallel to one another, and the angles of both are rounded off. This under surface or *sole*, as it is called, ought to be perfectly level, and is polished as finely as possible, that the stone may move easily along. When thus prepared, a handle is inserted into the upper surface, generally of iron, sometimes of wood. They are from 30lb to 60lb weight (avordupois), according to the strength of the person who uses them. The *rink** is that portion of the ice which is allotted for conducting the game. The chief thing to be attended to in choosing a *rink* is that the ice be level, smooth, and free from cracks. The place for the *rink* being chosen, a mark is made at each end, called a *tee* or *wither*. It is a small hole made in the ice, round which two circles of different diameters are drawn, that the relative distances of the stones from the *tee* may be calculated at sight, as actual measurement is not permitted until the playing at each end be finished. These circles are called *broughs*. A score is then drawn across the *rink* at each end, distant from the *tee* about a sixth part of the length of the *rink*. This is called the *hogscore*, and those stones which do not pass that line are, to use the language of the turf, distanced, and thrown aside as useless. The length of the *rink* varies from thirty to fifty yards, according to the smoothness of the ice. The breadth is about ten or twelve feet. There are generally sixteen stones, each party having eight; occasionally the players use two stones. It is necessary that each curler should have a pair of *crampits*, flat pieces of iron, with spikes, to enable him to stand firm, and to be provided with a broom, in order to sweep away anything on the ice that may impede the progress of the stone. At first the game is remarkably simple. The *lead*, or first that plays, endeavours to lay his stone as near the *tee* as possible. If it be a little short of it, upon the middle of the *rink*, it is reckoned to be fully better laid than if it touched it. The object of the next in order is nearly the same as that of the *lead*. When he attempts to strike away the stone of his antagonist, if he miss his aim, his stone will pass by, and be completely useless. But, if he places his stone near the *tee*, without minding that of his antagonist, it has a chance of remaining there, and gaining a shot to his party. The object of the next in order is to guard the stone of his partner, if it be near the *tee*, or to strike off that of his antagonist, if it be nearer. The one who follows, if a stone belonging to his own party be nearest the *tee*, attempts to guard it; if one of the opposite party, to strike it off, or to make the stone rest as near the *tee* as possible. As the game advances it becomes always more intricate. Sometimes the stone nearest the *tee*, which is called the *winner*, is so guarded that there is no possibility of getting at it directly. It then becomes necessary, in order to get it removed, to strike another stone lying at the side in an oblique direction. This is one of the nicest parts of the game. But when the *winner* cannot be reached even in this way, the last in order but one or two must then endeavour to remove the opposing stones by striking them with great force. If each curler uses two stones the *driver* (*id est*, the last in order) may clear the ice with his first stone, in order to get at the *winner* with his last. Sometimes the stones are situated in such a critical manner that the *driver*, to avoid the risk of losing any shots which his party may have gained, throws away his stone without attempting anything. When the stones on both sides have been all played the one nearest the *tee* counts one, and if the second, third, fourth, &c., belong to the same side, all these count so many shots, thirty-one of which, for each side, is the number usually played for. From many concurring circumstances there is every reason to believe that the game of curling was introduced into this country by the Flemings in the fifteenth or about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is well known that, in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. of England and James I. of Scotland, many of them migrated to Scotland and settled as mechanics and manufacturers in the towns and villages which had been much depopulated during the destructive wars betwixt the two kingdoms. Then, however, it must have been in a very imperfect state, and resembled more a game of quoits upon the ice. There are few amusements which excite more interest than the game of curling. In the severest weather a good curler, while engaged in his favourite amusement, feels no "chilling cold." In playing himself, and assisting his partners with the broom, he finds sufficient exercise to keep the blood circulating. It must, therefore, be highly conducive to health; and being performed at a time when the labours of the field are at a stand, it gives little interruption to business. It brings men together in social intercourse, it enlarges and strengthens the ties of friendship, and enlivens the dreary hours of winter with festivity and happiness.

* *Rink*, or *renk*, means a course, or race.

A FINE UNDER THE BETTING ACT.—The Southampton magistrates on Tuesday fined Samuel Foote £50 and costs for a contravention of the Betting Act, by making two small bets in his house on the Shropshire Handicap and Shrewsbury Plate. Notice of appeal was given.

CAPTAIN MONTAGU.—Dr. Critchett saw the Hon. Oliver Montagu on Saturday, and after his visit the subjoined statement was issued for the information of the Captain's friends:—"The effects of the gunshot wound in Captain Montagu's eye are rapidly passing off, and the eye is beginning to assume a healthy aspect. The sight, though still very dim, shows signs of improvement."

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.—Mr. John C. Thynne writes from Haynes Park, Bedford:—"On Tuesday, Nov. 16, I picked up dead in a fallow field, a mile and a half from this, a specimen of the fork-tailed petrel (*Thalassidroma leachii*—Gould). This bird was doubtless driven inland from the Atlantic by north-westerly gales. I trouble you with this, as I feel sure that those interested in ornithology will be glad to have an authentic record of the finding of so rare a bird in this country so far inland. I have sent it to Mr. Edwin Ward, of Wigmore-street, for preservation. I would also add, as showing what an extraordinary autumn we are having, that I saw a flock of house-martins (*H. urbica*) as late as Nov. 12, and a single bird of the same sort on the 19th. This is, I believe, very late indeed for martins to be seen as far north as Bedfordshire."

COLONEL FANE AS A COACHMAN.—The Rev. Edward C. Shedd writes from Clapton Rectory, Thrapstone:—"Having read in the *Times* of the death of Colonel John William Fane, of Wormsley, Oxfordshire, on Nov. 19, I am desirous of recording a few words to the honourable memory of one of the last of the good old gentlemen coachmen of fifty years ago. Many a time have I sat by his side in cases of extreme difficulty and danger; but John Fane was a real good coachman, added to which he possessed the most unflinching courage and strength of nerve. Few men could work four heavy horses through a heavy country like John Fane; and he was equally well up to his work when he had four blood horses striving madly to get away. I well remember such an occasion in 1835, when the horses would have got the mastery, and the Wonder coach, with eighteen passengers, have come to grief in High Wycombe, but for the strong arm and nerve and indomitable pluck of John Fane (at that time Major Fane), of Stokenchurch."

Whist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

In the subjoined hand the players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (♦) indicates the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

This hand occurred, with one unimportant modification, in actual play, and illustrates the importance of paying attention to your partner's first discard.

THE HANDS.

B'S HAND.

Hearts —10, 7, 5, 4, 3.
Diamonds—Knave.
Spades —9, 8, 4, 3, 2.
Clubs —10, 9.

C'S HAND.

Hearts —6, 2.
Diamonds—Ace, Queen, 10, 7, 6.
Spades —Ace, King.
Clubs —Ace, Queen, 8, 2.

D'S HAND.

Hearts —King, Queen, Knave, 9.
Diamonds—King, 9, 8.
Spades —7, 6, 5.
Clubs —King, Knave, 3.

A'S HAND.

Hearts —Ace, 8.
Diamonds—5, 4, 3, 2.
Spades —Queen, Knave, 10.
Clubs —7, 6, 5, 4.

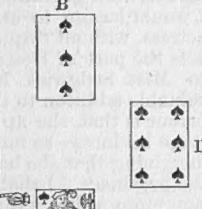
Score—A B, love; CD, 1.

D turns up the Knave of Hearts.

TRICK 1.

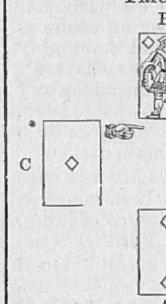


TRICK 5.

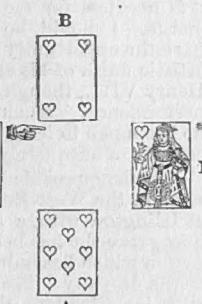


A prefers to lead from a three suit in which he holds three to a Queen, rather than open either of the weak form suits, one of which is headed by a seven, and the other by a five.

TRICK 2.

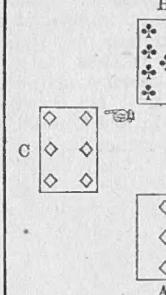


TRICK 6.

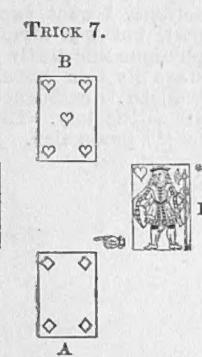


C properly leads the Ace from a suit of five.

TRICK 3.

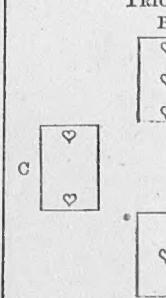


TRICK 7.

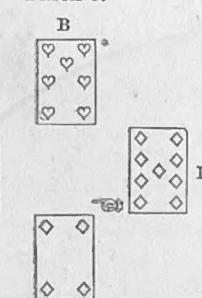


B, being strong in trumps, refuses to trump a doubtful card, and discards from his weaker suit. This trick is the key of the game. A assumed from his partner's discard that his strong suit is spades, in which, however, he knows that he holds no honours. (See Trick 1.)

TRICK 4.

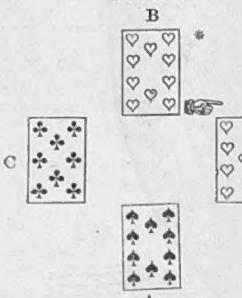


TRICK 8.



D, having four trumps to three honours, leads trumps.

TRICK 9.



This is well played by A. Having confidence in his partner, he knows, from his discard of a Club at Trick 3, that if he has any strength at all it must be in the Spade suit. He, therefore, discards his best Spade in the hope of enabling his partner to bring in his remaining cards of the suit. This is the only play to save the game.

TRICKS 9 and 10. B leads his three remaining Spades, and thus saves the game.

MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS.

THE POLYTECHNIC.

CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, Nov. 22, 1875.

ME DEAR MIKE.—This week I lain towards feelin like Turkey, in the regard of not knowin when Roosia, mainin the widdy, will address a note to me. As it is, I'd rather read the longest note from her (if it was only all the reflectin words in the dictionary before me name) than hear wan note of her voice, for I know what that voice would be. Anyway, like Turkey, I am quite content to be let alone; and if Roosia, mainin the widdy, don't intherfere wud me, I won't fall out wud me look nor take an action against her fur affording me no divartion.

Now that the winther is come and the nor-ast rubbin your nose and ears against the grain, the places of outdoore amusement is nearly all gone out of town for the saison; so that from this out I'll not be able to have an evenin's forgetfulness of me past dangers and throubles anywhere but between four walls. If I was ony in ould Glenary it's the meet, or a hurlin, or hawkin, or a quiet game of bowl or ball I'd be after; but you'd have to go be say from London before you could get a place big enough to start a sack-race, let alone a fox.

Well, Sathurday evenin I strolled up Regent's-street, an turned into the Polytechnic. I paid a shillin to a man in a kind of railway book-stall, an went up a few steps of stairs. On the left of another short steps of stairs I heard a boy yelling out at the top of his voice somethin or other "This way!" From the wild way of his yells and the scrunch of people near the place I thought for awhile that the house was a-fire, an he was tellin people of the ony way out. But when I got near that disordhered steam-whistle of a boy I med out he was ony sayin "Coats and umbrellas this way!" As far as bringin a taste of blackthorn across his coat, I wouldn't mind doin it myself as a scientific experiment, just to see what his roile right-airnest yells would be like; besides, judgin be what he did in yells at his dead aise, I'm sartin he wasn't doing justice to his masther.

When I got out of the straighth line of the ear-blister of a boy the crush was tremenjus, an what life was left in me be the squeeze was frightened out of me, for right in front was a windmill goin at full speed, and I was near bein bruised into it. An, Mike, whatever you may think of me, it would be a disconsaitin shame if the last of the O'Rourkes of Glenary was drawn into that mill an his flesh and blood med into rose-pink an his bones into superphosphate, just like a baist's.

The central hall is a large room wud a gallery runin all round it. There is a good many kinds of quare machinery in this hall, both above and below, but the people was so manny an the time so short before a preformance began that I couldn't see much. Wan thing I did see, an that was what they call the Wheel of Life. It's two things like the faces of clocks goin round an round as fast as they can wuddout ever drawin their breath. When you look through the edges of these plates you see a whole lot of men's heads swallowin frogs as fast as you could clap your hands. This was all very well; but the face of the man is like that of ould Napoleon, an it struck me as rather a manness to be throwin the frog-aitin habits an manners of the French in the face of the man that's dead an gone manny a year. Besides, Napoleon the fust wasn't a Frenchman out-an-out. Wouldn't Rochefort do them better?

All of a sudden some wan hits a big gong two whaks, an all the people scampered away, sorrow a bit of me knows where, but be force of gravitation I had to go too. I was half carried up a stairs, an before I had much time for reflection I found myself in the top gallery of a small theatre. After a while a man kem out an med a lot of experiments wud flames. The experiments was very wunderful, an what I couldn't understand of the lecture he gave was still more so. He tould us that if there was no sun we couldn't have light or hate or vegetables or wild baists. That's all very well to say, but manny a child is born wud a silver spoon in its mouth an afterwards larns to use a wooden wan; an if vegetables an wild baists was brought up on light an hate maybe they could come to do on darkness an cowld, if they were only rejuded to such a pass. He said we couldn't get on wuddout the sun, an no doubt we'd find it hard; but what in the world could we do wuddout the earth? It's awful to think of how helpless we'd be if amnythin happened the earth. It isn't that we wouldn't have a leg to stand on, but we have nothin to put our legs on, an there'd be no end of fightin and bad blood, owin to us all bobbin against wan another an wantin to stand on wan another for a bit of a rest.

I have nayther the knowledge to understand what I couldn't make out in what he said, nor the ignorance to tell him he med mistakes; but when he was talkin about light travellin from the sun to the earth he said you can do nothin in no time. That may be thru about light and hate; for me own part, I confess if I had me will I'd do nothin all me time.

He med one reflection on Ireland, and it's ony fair I should tell you in it he med a mistake. He tould the people that they had all heard tell of the Irishman's gun that could shoot around corners, though they had never seen it. Now, this was as much as to say there is no such gun. Now, I never knew before it was an Irishman med that gun, an I'm sure the man that showed it to me at the Tower of London said it was a foreigner that invented it. Annyway the gun is at the Tower plain to be seen. It's quare that a countryman of ours should have the credit of makin a gun that no wan could make, an a furriner should have the credit of makin the gun that was med.

In showin us a bit of rainbow on a sheet he said the red light was caused be the greatest number of blows and the violet be laist. Mike, isn't it beautiful to think how surprisin nature is. Here's, in the rainbow, just the same principle as in a scrimmage; the greater number of blows the most bloody noses, the laist number the most black and blue eyes. He said an done a lot more of wondherful things which nayther time nor the cowld of me fingers will allow me to write out.

The next performance was in another an bigger theayter, where we were shown a great dale of places the Prince of Wales will see in India. There was the ship he went out in lookin so life like, that, rememberin about the Mistletoe, I felt a great wish to get out of the way. There was the place he landed at an likeness of the people he'd see, and of the buildins he'd be brought through, an all ended wud the likeness of himself an of the Princess.

Aftur this panorama came the divin bell. It's like the finger of a glove, only bigger; an it's let down into a lager bowl of wather, wud four or five people in it. The great thing is to keep it full of air, and this is done be mains of a fire engine pumpin the wather out of it, an all the people fillin the chests before they go down.

Aftur the divin bell a man played tunes on stones, an then we all went to see an hear the History of Punch, which was rather divartin to the young people, an rather long.

Your lovin cousin,
ANDY O'ROURKE.
To Michael Crotty, Esq., South King-street, Dublin.

Our Captions Critic.

THE revival of *An Unequal Match* at the Charing-cross Theatre has been made the occasion of more than one interesting self-adulatory demonstration on the part of Miss Amy Sedgwick, and that theatrical butter-boat, the *Era*, has gushed



responsive to the dulcet strain. "Unhappily," sighs the Organ of Appreciation, "her services are lost to the stage;" and then, in a more jubilant style, "Happy is Miss Lafontaine in having so gifted a preceptress." Why these tears and whence this jubilation? Undoubtedly *An Unequal Match* is by no means an ineffective piece. It is one of the best of Mr. Tom Taylor's manufacture. The leading incidents and complications are carefully selected and not infelicitously arranged. You have the honest but decidedly noisy and obtrusive north-countryman, who is an ancient favourite in the pit, and has appeared in full many a score of domestic dramas. You have his buxom and rather good-looking daughter, who is called upon to perform the highly natural transition from cow-milking to fashionable "receiving." She, also, has been long popular with sentimental playgoers. Indeed, she is but the interesting young woman of the Lord Burleigh legend whom the gay amateur landscape-painter woos and marries.

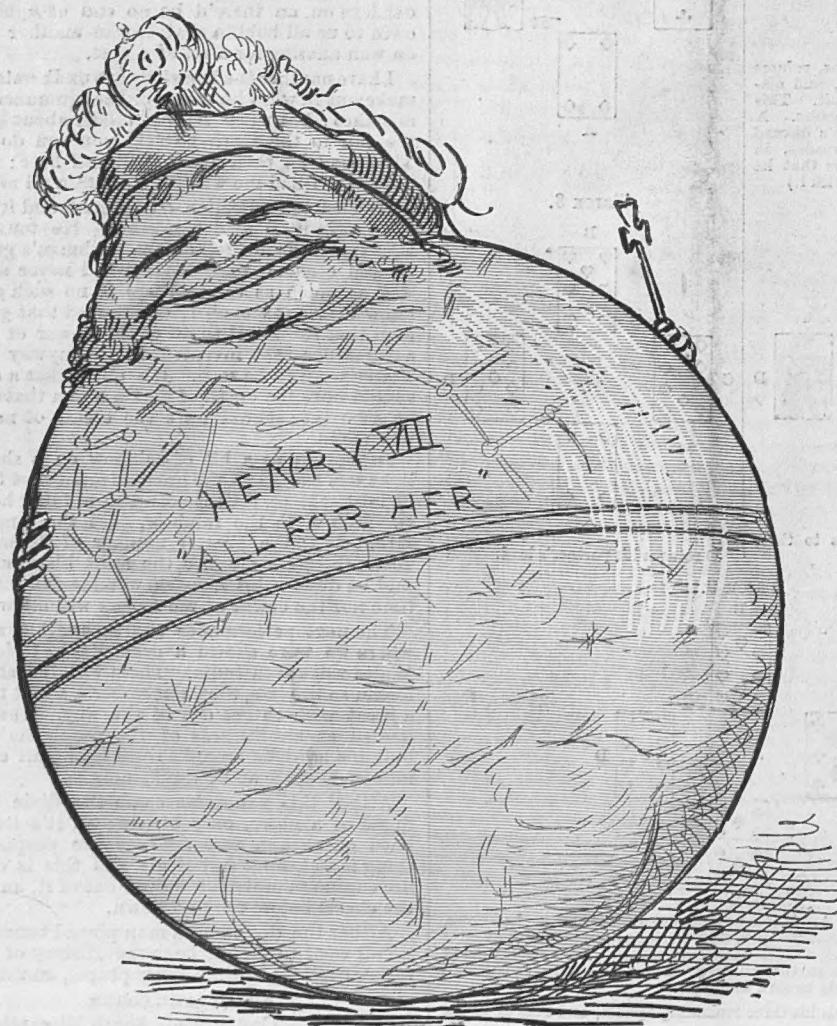
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born.

In all candour, however, it must be admitted that the young

person in the play behaves herself much more in the manner to be expected of a promoted dairymaid than does the young person in the Laureate's ballad. In truth, the young gentleman in real life who marries beneath him is much to be pitied, but on the stage all the commiseration is bestowed upon the rudely-healthy damsel whom he has raised from her low estate. Reckless of the agony which the educated husband must undergo every moment of the time when his low-bred wife is brought into contact with refined society, your quixotic playgoer regards all his pardonable little outbursts of temper as instances of brutal ferocity. Some of the other characters in *An Unequal Match* are not undiverting. Indeed, the success of the original performance of the piece was greatly owing to the admirable humour of Mr. Compton in the character of Blenkinsop. Mr. F. Barsby, who plays the part at the Charing-cross Theatre, does not do it badly. But the fact that he is surrounded by several duffers appears to infect him with a sort of rollicking carelessness which robs his impersonation of that staid pomposity and dry humour which traditionally belong to the character. The Bessie Hebblethwaite of Miss Kate Phillips is a very creditable and promising performance. It is true that the part affords great scope for a lively imitation of the absurd and ludicrous airs and assumptions of the proverbially pert lady's-maid. Nevertheless, it is not all soubrettes—nay, very few—who could display so much genuine perception of the humour of the thing as is displayed by this young lady. Her make-up in the third act is thoroughly artistic. But to return to Miss Amy Sedgwick and "her Hester," as she was pleased to denominate Miss Annie Lafontaine, in what the *Era* calls a "well-chosen and appropriate little speech," though others may be inclined to imagine it somewhat gratuitous and egotistic. As for Miss Lafontaine, I would hasten to assure her "gifted preceptress" that this actress, without displaying any marvellous amount of genius, acts the part of Hester Grazebrook in a manner not inferior to Miss Sedgwick herself. Indeed, she promises to be a valuable addition to the London stage. What is most in her favour is that she appears to be thoroughly conversant with stage business—so much so that one cannot be far wrong in imagining that she has already had considerable experience in the provinces. I shall be anxious to see her in some impersonation more arduous than that of Hester—a part which may be said, in the hands of any trained and intelligent actress, to "play itself."

Mr. Phelps's performance of Cardinal Wolsey, in *Henry the Eighth*, is one which those who have not seen it should surely go to see, and those who have can bear to witness again and again. I am glad to observe that these Shakspearean matinées at the Gaiety Theatre are well attended. Mr. Phelps has so thoroughly and so long established his claim to a place in the first rank of those actors who illustrate high art that it is needless for me to allude particularly to his particular merits. I should, however, advise such of our young actors as have the opportunity of studying the subtlety and thoroughly artistic finish of his style by no means to miss it. Mr. Clayton's *Henry VIII.*, though goodly to look upon, is an unsatisfactory performance. Much belauded as this actor has of late been, he has much to learn and a great deal to unlearn before he is capable of adequately grappling with the legitimate drama.

The irrepressible *Fille de Madame Angot* shows her face once more in the West-End. They tell me she has been going on at Islington with a surprising degree of vitality, considering how *passée* she has become. I do not know whether that is the reason which has induced her to venture into Soho, and appear at the Royalty. Probably the imminence of the cattle show, with its attendant shoals of bumpkins, who have many of them (marvellous as it may sound) heard of but never seen her, is the prospective inducement which in both cases, to managerial sapience, seems a sufficient reason for her reappearance. At the Royalty Madame Pauline Rita is the Clariette. This lady is a very unexceptionable vocalist, but an unfinished actress. I went expecting to see Madame Dolaro play the part, but was disappointed. Mlle. Cornelie D'Anka has a physique sufficiently superb to render her appearance on the stage its own justification. In the other parts, Mr. Fred Sullivan is excellent and Messrs. Knight Aston and Connell are satisfactory. The stage, however, appears rather limited for the production.



Madame Angot
is done to



The great attraction to the little bandbox of a theatre in Dean-street is still *Trial by Jury*. I have more than once stated my admiration of this genuine bit of art. It never fails to amuse the intelligent spectator. Its satire is as pointed as ever and its humour as pungent. Mr. Fred Sullivan has so thoroughly identified himself with the character of the erotic little judge that one cannot fancy it in other hands. It certainly can never be in better. The "jurymen's chorus" has lost none of its irresistible ludicrousness and point. It is to be hoped Mr.



Note. Mr. Gilbert is writing
a new fairy Comedy.

W. S. Gilbert will soon again give us something more in this vein. If he does, it will be long before I, for one, will say to him, as he himself said the other day to Paolo Frate, the obstinate organ-grinder, "Basta!"

We are much obliged to our old-established and well-conducted contemporary, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, for its good opinion of us. It says:—"The ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS produced, last week, the best likeness of the Earl of Ellesmere's ox that we ever saw printed from wood. There is really something lifelike in the animal's face, and more particularly such features as the eye, nose, and horn, while the hair is so well done that one is tempted to reach out involuntarily to stroke down his well-rounded side. There are also some excellent heads of cattle and sheep at the top and bottom of the page of which this ox is the centrepiece; and altogether the page does credit alike to the artist and the cutters of the blocks for the expeditious manner in which so much excellent work was done in time for the next week's issue."